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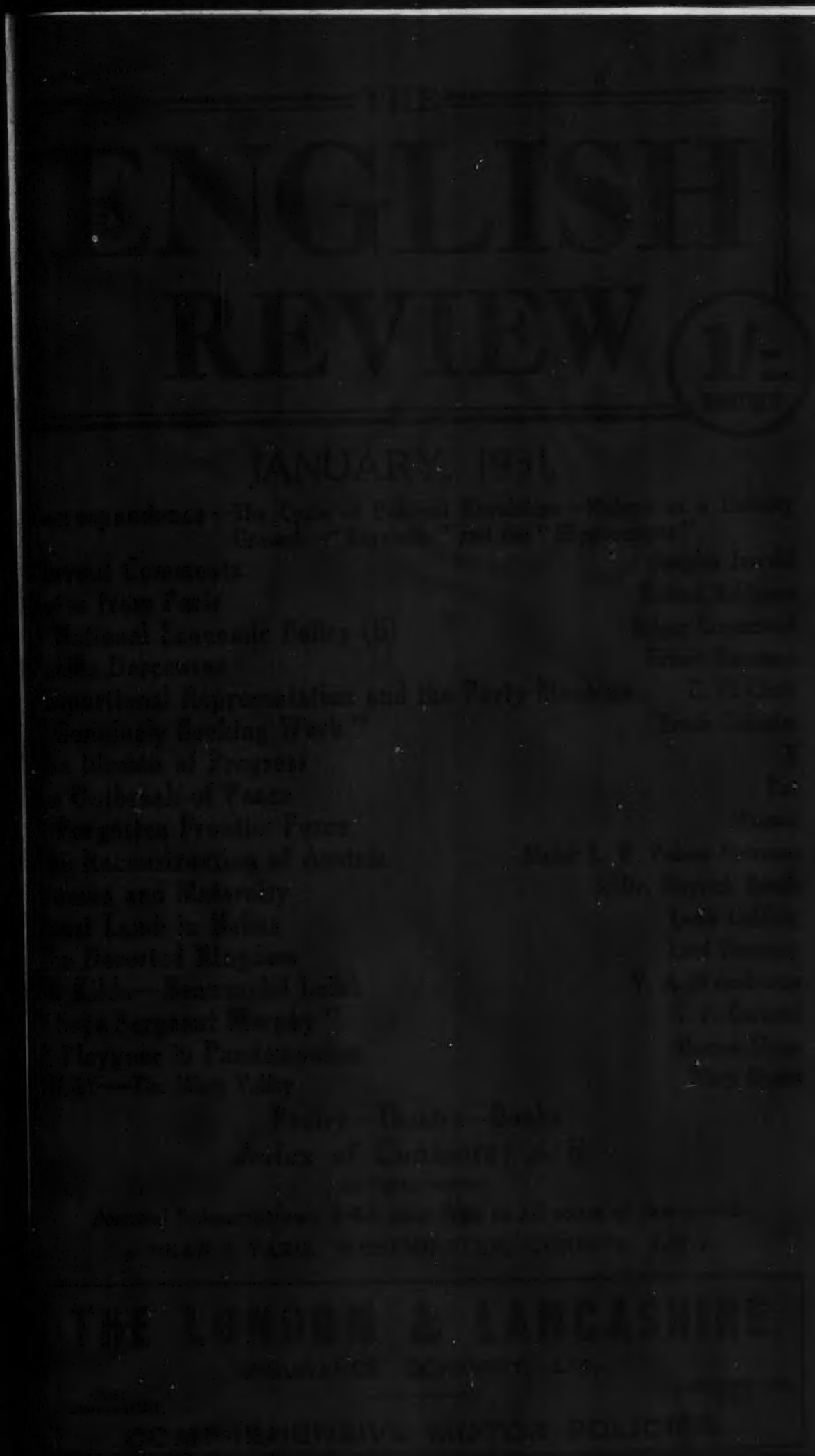

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THREE friends of mine—landowners—have recently sold their properties and left England to become Free State citizens in Ireland. They are driven out by taxation. One was a wealthy man, as the world counts wealth to-day, but the incidence of taxation has taken so much away of his capital monies that he is compelled to become an arithmetician and compare what would be his taxes in the Free State and what they are here now, with every prospect of going higher.

Driven out by Taxation

He finds that in ten years' time by living in the Free State he would save £40,000. Hence his packing up.

Another has £1,800 a year and a nice country house. With children to educate, he cannot keep up his place and pay his taxes as well. He has to count every penny now. With a country place in the West of Ireland he can live more cheaply, have all the sport he requires, hunting, shooting and fishing at far less cost than in Britain, and best of all, be free of crushing taxation. True, there are certain disadvantages, but they are more than compensated by the saving and the freedom from financial worries.

* * * *

ON the Continent, especially in France and Italy, growing colonies are being formed of retired naval and military officers and retired home civil servants and those from the East and India, with a goodly sprinkling of private gentlemen, all there for one reason—not rheumatism and the climate—but to escape from taxes that are crippling even to the verge of bankruptcy. Abroad they can live in comparative comfort, have their own local club and be freed from worry. They go and can they be blamed? I know one distinguished Scot, a soldier, and a naval captain who left these shores three weeks ago to join the British "Brigade" at a small Italian Riviera watering-place for good and all.

British "Colonies" Abroad

The naval officer's statement was quite simple. "By living," he said, "with my wife in a small villa on the Mediterranean in a pleasant, if unfashionable watering-place, I can assist my son to make good in East Africa. If I stay at home, I can do nothing for him. It is a bit of a wrench to go, but it has to be done."

* * * *

IT was not so long ago that I saw Mr. Thomas at the dog-racing at Wembley Stadium and I wondered whether he would take notice of the types of young men and women who throng these races. If he did, he could not help seeing that a very large number of them are ostensibly dole-drawers. No one who travels on the Metropolitan Railway can do other than realize this. There are thousands of young men in the East of London who get the dole and "play it up on the dogs" in the West. And the greyhounds race in and around London every evening in the week.

Mr. Thomas at the "Dogs"

* * * *

PUTTING the issue quite bluntly, it costs about 1s. 8d. to go to the dogs. If a win of 3s. or 4s. is obtained a night, the dole is more than doubled in a week. If losses are incurred, then it may mean a tight corner for a few days, but this class of man is not perturbed at a few days' hardship, for the kind givers of the dole will renew the payment and next week's ventures may pay for this week's losses. Thus the dole is creating a veritable army of young gamblers and its moral effect becomes more atrocious than ever.

Dole-Drawers as Punters

A very good judge of dog-racing told me it was amazing how astute these young men became in picking winners. Rarely do they "play up" their winnings,

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for they are out, not for sport, but for sheer money-making with the minimum effort of brain and body. Finally they have, as an extra inducement for idleness, the football coupon on Saturdays. These are some of the post-war products of "Socialism in our time." * * * *

New Tracer Cartridge

OUR Indian guests are keen to see all that there is to be seen and to know all that is to be known. I met some of them the other day at the West London Shooting School much interested in the new tracer cartridge, examining its possibilities, no doubt, for use in India. No such cartridge has previously been manufactured. It is good that the British ammunition manufacturer, after much investigation and experimental work by Imperial Chemical Industries, has evolved one before any foreigner has succeeded in doing so.

This cartridge is bound to interest thousands of sportsmen all over the world, if only to tell the average shooter his errors in aiming. It carries in the centre of the shot charge a small tracer pellet, which is ignited by the discharge of the powder charge and burns brightly for a distance of about 75 yards, travelling almost exactly in the centre of the shot charge. The projectile force is unchanged, which is a vital point. * * * *

Some Critics

THERE are two criticisms to be made, without, however, detracting from the value of the invention. The tracer pellet has naturally a greater wounding capacity than ordinary shot and hence care must be taken in the use of the cartridge when shooting game for the table. Its use then must be purely corrective and occasional. To prevent confusion in use, these cartridges are given a special grey colour with over-printing in dark blue, and their brass heads are milled to distinguish them from the plain ones of standard cartridges.

The other criticism—and it was one that the Indian visitors could not help noticing—is the incendiary risk if the tracer pellet is fired into dry cover or

heather. But the shooting season, except, perhaps, in its early stages, rarely provides dry cover, so that the risk is not great. In India much shooting is done in the swamps and rice beds. Personally, I think that the new cartridge supplies a much-needed want and should be of considerable assistance to a very large proportion of sportsmen all over the world, especially in the schools and against strong-flying game.

* * * *

WE are coming to the last weeks of the partridge and pheasant shooting and there should be some good " bush-whacking " for cocks. In my view—shared by many others—pheasant shooting should cease at the end of the old year. Coverts suffer from the January shooting, especially if the remaining pheasants have already been shot over, and the extra month drives a number of birds to mate with those in other localities, despite the idea that pheasants are fairly loyal to their birth-places.

" Bush-Whacking "

In these days, there are fewer records of big bags than in pre-war days and as to battues, they are few and far between. Naturally, in old days, when birds were killed singly, battue records were not equal to some of more recent date.

Yet, was it not in Bohemia, in 1753, that the royal sportsman, Emperor Francis I, shooting over the estates of Prince Colleredo, was said in 18 days to have fired 116,209 shots and killed 19,545 partridges, 18,243 hares and 9,499 pheasants, with other minor game, amounting to 47,950 head? Incredible, unless for " sportsman " is written " sportsmen," but then the number must have been large, and the qualification of the term " sport " highly doubtful.

* * * *

LET me add that in old days there were grand battues or bush-beating shoots in France, in which the Duke of Bourbon shone in the neighbourhood of Chantilly. The register of game killed there from 1748 to 1779 contains 77,750 hares, 587,470 rabbits, 130,000 partridges, 86,193 pheasants, 20,145 quail, 2,164 woodcock, 2,857 snipe, 1,628 stags, 5,579 roebucks, 3,857 other deer, and 2,820 wild boar, to mention but some of the bag.

A True Bag

To-day, what would be the rental of such a preserve?

* * * *

THE situation on the North-West Frontier does not tend to improve. The Afridi are resolutely against our road-making plan to prevent future raids on Peshawar. Unlike the Wazirs and Mahsuds, further South, who accepted the road-making plan into their territories after their spell of bad behaviour in 1923, and gave the British officials a farewell garden party on its completion, the Afridis perceive the fly in the ointment. They know that the roads and the road-makers will always be a detriment to their young bloods and their predatory plans, and they care not a whit for an arterial system that might be used to advantage commercially.

Road-making for Peace

* * * *

So, the picture on the Afridi front at present is this. The Jhansi Brigade with the 2nd Seaforths is in the line, shall we say? holding picked picket positions as a covering party for the road-makers of the Nowshera Brigade, with the Peshawar Brigade in support. It is quite a little battle-front, with the guns going off continually, the airmen bombing and dropping by parachutes, rations for the advanced troops and their little Carden-Lloyd tanks, of the Carden type that delighted the Dominion Premiers, darting here and there and giving the sniping Afridi an idea of a gun that can be fired at any elevation, backwards, forwards or sideways.

In Reality a War

Quite a little war, of its kind, with the probability that the Mohmands in the north will make common cause with the Afridi and stir up regular fireworks on

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the ill-famed Frontier. In other words, the Indian Government's well-intentioned sedative of road making has failed to all present appearances in countering the Afridis.

* * * *

WRITING of the Seaforths, I am reminded that this distinguished regiment makes a very picturesque farewell to the Old Year. The oldest soldier dresses up as "Father Time," and seated on a limber is drawn with torch-bearers ahead, to the Officers' mess. Here the Colonel gives him a bumper of whisky, after which, he is drawn across the barrack square and kicked out of the barrack gates into outer darkness. Then the youngest bugler in full-dress gets into the limber and is taken to the Officers' mess. The sentry challenges: "Who goes there?" The bugler replies, "1931." "Pass 1931, All's well!" is the sentry's response. He is greeted by the Colonel and given a dry ginger, and the toast, "Health to the Seaforth Highlanders" is honoured. The bugler disappears, but not the Colonel. He is hoisted on the shoulders of two pipers and with pipes skirling and the procession of torch-holders whirling their flares, he is carried to the Sergeants' mess. There he takes a "doch an doris," and the ceremony ends.

Seaforth Highlanders' New Year

* * * *

THE Aldershot Command will be vacant on March 1 next, and the recent appointment of Lieut.-General Sir Hastings Anderson to succeed General Sir David Campbell is void by reason of his unexpected and deeply regretted death. Like the late Lord Rawlinson, he succumbed to appendicitis in middle age, just when the great reward of his career lay before him. Who will be his successor? The appointment must soon be made and the choice is somewhat limited. Lieut.-General Sir Peter Strickland, now G.O.C. of the British Troops in Egypt, has first-class credentials, and is one of the most popular soldiers, a Norfolk squire, and friend and neighbour of the King.

The Aldershot Command

Correspondence

The Cycle of Political Revolution

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In these very critical times, it is interesting to reflect how little human nature and human intelligence change from one age to another.

The attempt of the proletariat to plunder the wealthy and to enjoy their possessions is no new thing, and has always ended in ruin and misery, followed by a rule of despotism. We read of it in ancient Egyptian history. It was tried over and over again in the numerous City States of Greece. It brought the Roman Empire to its end.

Polybius, writing about 130 years B.C., sums up most admirably the cycle of events as he had observed it in Greece.

He explains how a line of kings tends to become more and more despotic, until at last the principal citizens of the State combine together, overthrow the monarchy, and establish an aristocratic form of government.

For a time, all goes well, but in the time of the children or grandchildren of the founders of this new government, the same evil begins to creep in once more, until a further revolution establishes a democracy.

And, to quote Polybius, "Then, as long as some of those survive who experienced the evils of oligarchical dominion, they are well pleased with the present form of government, and set a high value on equality and freedom of speech. But when a new generation arises and the democracy falls into the hands of the grandchildren of its founders, they have become so accustomed to freedom and equality that they no longer value them, and begin to aim at pre-eminence; and it is chiefly those of ample fortune who fall into this error. So when they begin to lust for power and cannot attain it through themselves or their own good qualities, they ruin their estates, tempting and corrupting the people in every possible way.

"And hence, when by their foolish thirst for reputation they have created among the masses an appetite for gifts and the habit of receiving them, democracy in turn is abolished and changes into a rule of force and violence. For the people, having grown accustomed to feed at the expense of others, as soon as they find a leader who is enterprising, but is excluded from the honours of office by his penury, institute the rule of violence; and now, uniting their forces, massacre, banish and blunder, until they degenerate again into perfect savages, and find once more a master and monarch. Such is the cycle of political revolution, the

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course appointed by nature in which constitutions change, disappear, and finally return to the point from which they started."

The Greeks of old, so it seems, had their Lloyd Georges, their Baldwins, their MacDonalds; they, too, saw one "Corruption of the People" Act follow another, until the efforts of the industrious and thrifty at last failed to maintain stability and the whole fabric of cilivization crashed into ruin.

Bath. Yours, etc.,

November 10. H. L. LEWIS, Lieut.-Col.

Malaya as a Holiday Ground

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Travel, which is supposed to be a luxury, is really a necessity to a well-ordered mind. In less difficult times, those to whom foreign travel is an essential implement of culture, whether because they are engaged in public work and must know from actual contact and experience the resources of the Empire, or because they feel their private citizenship needs the same equipment, are faced with an embarrassment of riches. Having long since passed the time when the banalities of the Riviera or the faked attractions of European casino beaches have ceased to impress them, they are still in doubt which part of the Empire will best repay a student's tour.

I would like to put in a word, if I may, for a country as yet unknown to the

tourist. British Malaya is at once romantic and unspoilt, delightful and significant, wild and impressive, yet attuned to all the amenities. To the lover of travel, the student of human nature and institutions, to the sportsman, to the patriot, the Empire of Stamford Raffles affords an equal allure. Raffles was a great soldier, a statesman, an ethnologist, a sportsman and a very great servant of his country.

In his spare time, even, he founded the Zoological Society. Yet I have met men and women of the highest intelligence and patriotism who did not know his name, but imagined that he was something to do with a gentleman cat-burglar.

Nowhere in the whole Empire, not even in Kenya itself, is British social life more pleasantly maintained than in Malaya, with a more charming freedom and finer hospitality. Sure of a welcome wherever he goes, the traveller in Malaya will find thrills combined with comfort, romantic interest savoured with good fellowship. The possibilities of the country as a pleasure resort have not yet been even superficially explored. It only requires better knowledge and information to make the Malay States a favourite holiday centre, as is Java—that wonderland for tourists, where I spent so many years. And those who do go there for a holiday will learn from intimate contact the fine part played in Empire development by the men and women of British stock who make their lives out there.

Yours, etc.,

E. T. CAMPBELL.

"Bagatelle" and the "Hippocampus"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Your reviewer is right in thinking the lady in *Bagatelle* fanciful, but she *meant* a *hippocampus*, which is something more interesting than "a long-tailed fish"; this gorgeous bit of fantasy has a horse-shaped head and shoulders, a fan-shaped propeller and a curled-up body; you ride on this latter, holding on to the neck, and the creature is led by a bridle; those who do not care to search the designs of Tiépolo and other baroque decorators to see how this is done may, by a glance at the *hippocampi* in the Zoo, realize the possibilities of this elegant grotesque making a better mount than either a hippopotamus or a hippogriff—at least through the realms where faerie—fayrye or faery (to risk again distressing your reviewer)—is used in the true meaning of "enchantment." As a poet, also fond of this word, wrote—

"In woods, in waves, in wars, she's wont to dwell."

Thanking you for your generous notice,

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE R. PREEDY.

Author of *Bagatelle and other Diversions.*

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JANUARY, 1931

Current Comments

Some Thoughts for 1931

"World trade, if we exclude this special year of depression, . . . is greater than before the war, both in value and volume. It is our proportion of it which is less. Between 1913 and 1929 British exports decreased (on the basis of 1913 values) by over 17 per cent. A similar calculation for world exports would indicate an increase of over 30 per cent. . . . on any calculation it remains true that the proportion of the United Kingdom in world trade has diminished."—Sir Arthur Salter in *The Times*, December 8.

"Adjustment to market conditions is, in fact, always made somewhere. If it is not made elsewhere, it is made by the sacrifice of all the marginal area of business, with corresponding unemployment."—Sir Arthur Salter in *The Times*, December 9.

"Public economy remains the most difficult issue in modern politics. . . . Already the Chancellor of the Exchequer has added more than £45,000,000 to the taxpayers' annual burden and . . . who would now venture to predict that the present level of taxation will suffice to meet next year's commitments. . . . The constant increase in Government expenditure which has been aggravated so grossly by the present administration constitutes the gravest and most difficult problem of post-war democracy. . . . It must be plain by this time that our financial machinery has failed to adapt itself to the system of adult suffrage."—*The Times*, December 12 (leading article).

"Relief which approaches too nearly, and in some cases oversteps, the wages' level is morally and financially a sin against the people. . . . The future of the country is to a great extent in the hands of the leaders of the trades' unions. Let us hope that they will realize the economic position of the country. If they do

not . . . they and all their members will share in the disaster."—Lord Inchcape at the 90th General Meeting of the P. and O. Company.

"*Those who are employed have benefited at the expense of those who are unemployed. . . . The outlook for the future is dark. Our only hope lies in producing as economically as our competitors . . . the danger to-day is one of the greatest which we have ever had to face.*"—Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland in *The Observer*, December 14.

The Mills of God

We could not have begun our survey of the past year better than with the quotations cited above. They represent the first signs of awakening to the reality of a crisis which has been with us for a long time past. We may be pardoned a certain complacency in noting that now, at the eleventh hour, some at least of our most eminent administrative economists and publicists are arriving, with every appearance of anxious haste, at the precise conclusions which have been argued in these notes for much more than a twelvemonth. These conclusions are three. The first conclusion is that there is a real industrial crisis and that it is not due to world causes. The second conclusion is that unemployment is not the cause but the result of the crisis which is brought about by overspending, unemployment being merely the form in which this disease must inevitably show itself when a free labour market has ceased to exist. The third conclusion is that the primary cause of overspending is government action and that to attempt to cure unemployment by more government expenditure designed to stimulate consumption is therefore folly.

Despite unemployment figures well on the way to 2,500,000 these conclusions are not yet generally accepted. That they are at last accepted by a minority of serious-minded people is however a good thing, and may just possibly mean the salvation of the Parliamentary system. If, however, the anticipations of certain prophets are fulfilled and the Government is kept in office hard at its self-appointed task of creating unemployment and bankrupting industry for two years and a half, the outlook for Parliament is very different.

CURRENT COMMENTS

WHAT the national expenditure will be by 1933 if the present Government remains in office can hardly be imagined. Although we shall be spending this year £3,000,000 less on National defence than in 1929–30, the estimated expenditure for 1930–31 is £731,509,000 as against Mr. Churchill's budget estimate of £691,560,000. In addition supplementary estimates for £11,980,403, have been presented since October and large additional commitments for 1931–32 and future years have been, or are about to be, incurred. Even so we are not paying our way. The unemployment Insurance Fund is borrowing at the rate of £40,000,000 a year to meet the deficit left after the increased exchequer contribution has been paid, and further expenditure on development and other works in relief of unemployment is being met out of loans. Grave though this situation would be, it is only the beginning. According to *The Times*, increases in the Civil Service during the current year have already involved us in fresh non-productive expenditure on salaries at the rate of £2,000,000 a year. The Education Bill will cost £8,000,000 a year when it comes into force, and the probable cost of the policy of the Land Utilization Bill can be guessed from the Government statement that "it is impossible to foresee with any precision what expenditure it will be necessary for the Minister to incur." As to the administrative staff required for this Bill the Government finds it equally "impossible to state any precise figures . . . but it will certainly be large." Now, the Government does not even claim to be at the end of its spending programme, and there is no sign whatever of any diminution in the cost of unemployment. It is very difficult in the circumstances to put our annual expenditure for 1933 below £800 millions. Many will think this a too conservative estimate.

Why 1933 Would be too Late

So much for National Expenditure. What of the National Income? The extent of the shrinkage in taxable income which has already taken place will not be known till the next budget, but it must be considerable and will continue. As factories close down, and profits turn into losses, the call for money increases and the supply diminishes. As we have already reached

The Problem of Taxation

the point when every increase in taxation increases unemployment, the quest for new sources of revenue which can be tapped without provoking new demands for expenditure is doomed to failure, except in one contingency. A capital levy or a forced conversion of war loan is the only source from which a continuously profligate government could finally expect to recoup itself. By 1933 the time will be very near when something of the kind will have to be attempted. At this point someone may say that by 1933 world trade will have improved and that with diminished unemployment and expanding revenue all the government's troubles will be at an end. The answer to this is crystal clear. So long as we pursue our present domestic policy, we shall not get our share of any expansion which world trade may undergo. Admittedly, some proportion of present unemployment is due to the world depression, but, if it is met by financial expedients which double the impetus of the depression instead of retarding it, that part of the world's trade which we have lost, in the first instance, because of world conditions, will be lost to us for ever.

Ramsay MacDonald and Charles I.

WHAT, then, is to happen if Mr. Lloyd George pursues his policy of keeping the Government in power and if his party follow him, and if Sir Oswald Mosley, for all his brave words, also votes obediently to the Labour Whip? No one can say. It is, however, good that some people should have realized that something may happen. In this connection there is one curious and interesting feature of the position which has not been noticed, because the position of the House of Commons has always been regarded from the angle of the constitutional lawyer rather than from that of the political historian. We are accustomed to hearing how the power of the kings was broken by the refusal of supply by the Commons, and how, when the area of taxation widened, the demand for increased representation was necessarily conceded as a logical development of an established constitutional principle. What has actually escaped notice is that it was not the Commons *qua* representatives of the masses (who were not, in fact, represented at all) but the Commons *qua* taxpayers who refused supply, and that to-day we are back in the position which led to the great Rebellion, the sovereign

people being in the place then occupied by the Crown and the income tax payers in the position then occupied by those assessed to ship money. In other words, we have the sovereign executive attempting to carry out a policy utterly opposed to the wishes of those who have to pay for that policy.

Economic Consequences of Mr. Snowden

THE intention of the preceding paragraph is not to urge the desirability of any kind of *coup d'état*. Far from it. We merely wish to point out that a constitution which vests the sovereignty in an individual or a committee or a class which is not in a position itself to pay for what it wants to do, can only endure as long as there is a reasonable measure of give and take. Once the policy of those who exercise the sovereignty appears to those who have to pay for it to be definitely and permanently set in opposition to the national interest, the breakdown of the constitution follows as inevitably as night follows day. And here Sir Arthur Salter makes an interesting suggestion. He deplores, as do all economists, the taxation of company reserves and the refusal of the income tax authorities to allow plant to be renewed as a working charge except after a long lapse of time. He pleads for an amendment of our laws in this sense. Were the law so amended, and income tax payable only on the sum set apart for dividend, the commercial community by denying themselves dividends for two years could bring any government to heel. There is another method, less self-sacrificing and less defensible, perhaps, but which has, nevertheless, to be reckoned with. That is the export of capital. That three Snowden budgets would lead inevitably to a very large export of capital is certain. Here, again, is something which we do not recommend or defend. We merely say that it is as certain a result of the present policy as riots and looting would be if a reactionary government refused all relief to the unemployed.

A Return to Common-sense?

OF course there is an alternative issue. A constitutional breakdown could be averted in theory by the transfer of the wealth of the present income tax payers to the pockets of the present spenders of income tax. That is as logical a solution as the other, but the only thing to be said

about it is that it would be contrary to the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the country, and that any government which attempted it would be out of office in a week. For ourselves, instead of all this, we confess to a lingering belief in the common-sense of the English people. We believe that there is a widespread revolt against our present rulers and their policy, and that the attempt to keep the Government in office will fail as the result of casual but continuous defections from their present majority. It will then be for a rejuvenated Conservative administration to face the odium of reversing policy and restoring the independence of the people and the integrity of public life.

India

MUCH hostile comment has been aroused by Mr. Winston Churchill's speech on the Indian situation, which remains unchanged either by the speech or the deliberations of the Round Table. The comments on the speech were either malevolent or foolish. In some quarters it was suggested that Mr. Churchill desired to restore arbitrary government; in others that he was tearing up the pledge of Mr. Baldwin and earlier governments. The simple fact is that the procedure laid down by Parliament in the Act of 1917 for determining the future government of India has been set aside by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and that the recommendations of the Parliamentary Commission have been ignored. This may or may not have been a wise procedure, but it has one inevitable consequence. Parliament was morally, if not constitutionally, bound to accept the recommendations of the Simon Report. It is, on the contrary, morally and constitutionally bound to bring an open mind to bear on any recommendations of the Round Table. The Conference cannot commit British India, because the political majority of British India is unrepresented. It will be equally impossible for it to commit the British House of Commons. What it is still more important to remember is that the recommendations of the Round Table will leave the problem of Indian nationalism unsolved. Mr. Churchill's reference to this unpalatable fact may have been harsh and his language threatening. History does not suggest, however, that a blind eye turned on sedition has a more pacifying influence than stern words. It is one thing to

work for peace; another to secure it. By a strange and unfortunate coincidence those who wish for peace most ardently secure it least successfully.

The Year Abroad

1930 has been noteworthy both on the Continent and in the United States for a prolonged trade depression. An exception must be made in the case of France, which, according to Mr. Norman Angell's famous thesis, should long before now have been bankrupted by her victory and her indemnities. Mr. Keynes also had at one time something to say on the disastrous effects of receiving indemnities, effects, in his view, only less disastrous than those resulting from paying them. If these eminent economists are right, as they may well be, the achievement of France is only the more remarkable. There are those who lightheartedly attribute it to the re-valuation of the *franc*, but such critics forget that the Italian *lira* has been similarly re-valued. Similarly the attempts to ascribe the depression which hangs over the rest of the world to one cause are very hazardous. And in particular learned gentlemen who see in the world shortage of gold a cause of unemployment do not provide a satisfactory explanation of the fact that of the two countries where there is an exceptional accumulation of gold one has exceptionally little unemployment and the other exceptionally much.

The Causes of the World Depression

For our part we appreciate the danger of easy generalizations, but it is possible to see in the prevailing under-consumption the result of a long period of intensive over-spending. This explanation at least fits the facts. It is the ability to produce exchangeable goods which everywhere and inevitably conditions the ability to consume. Credit facilities can never be the determining cause of under-consumption, for credit, like any other commodity, will go where legitimate demand exists. The capital which the public refuses to subscribe to replace the overdraft which the bank refuses to continue does not reflect a shortage of capital but an anticipated shortage of spending power on the part of the customer. The unfulfilled task of the economists is to trace the shortage of spending power to its source. We venture the suggestion that, if this task were taken in hand, it would be found that it was due either to a cessation of

production somewhere, or to a bout of over-consumption somewhere.

The Prospects of Peace

INTERNATIONAL politics for the year 1930 are unfortunately likely to be remembered chiefly for the breakdown of the Naval Conference, and the resulting embitterment of feeling between Italy and France. The refusal to adopt any rational formula of limitation taking account of the three governing factors, coastline, communications and sea-borne trade, was, of course, not the fault of either of the continental powers, but of the United States, which could not under such a formula have claimed parity with ourselves. Their insistence on a parity which, however unobjectionable in practice, was indefensible in theory, wrecked the Conference as an instrument of pacification. Its only practical result has been to give us a navy substantially inferior (having regard to our commitments and the age of our ships) to that of the United States and to stimulate naval rivalry on the Continent. As we could have afforded at present to build no more than we are building and should in no case have built less, it is unfair to say, as some of Mr. MacDonald's critics have said, that our position is in practice much weakened. What has been lost was the chance of establishing a sane and just basis for calculating naval requirements, or, alternatively, of making it clear to the world that the refusal to accept such a basis was not ours. Advocates of conferences as a means to peace would do well to learn the real lesson of this deplorable fiasco, which is that in a conference, where all parties are not animated by a desire to achieve its advertised aims, those parties whose sincerity is least will achieve the most.

The Fact of War

TURNING from conferences to realities, 1930 has been noteworthy for the triumphant recourse to force, unchallenged by national or international law, all over the world. The civil government has been overturned by military action in four of the leading states of South America; Russia has openly resorted to "war as instrument of policy" in her relations with China, without a word of protest until the end of the dispute. The Chinese anarchy continues unchecked. In Poland atrocities and counter atrocities have taken the place of

party politics as the normal incidents of daily life. Spain is hovering on the verge of revolution, and Russia, if rumours are true, depends wholly for the maintenance of the forms of order on the largest army in Europe. Meanwhile the French and Italians manœuvre on each other's frontiers, and the League of Nations has completed the preparation of a draft convention for military disarmament.

Does Bloodshed Matter?

THERE is a school of thought which finds all this talk of wars and revolutions much exaggerated. If they mean that these things have not really taken place, they are talking nonsense. If they mean that they do not matter to anyone, they had better move from Bloomsbury into Poland, or China or Afghanistan or Spain and they will change their minds. If they mean that these things do not matter to them, because they have no intention of leaving Bloomsbury, they are sadly shortsighted. To put it on the lowest ground, this spasmodic return to the rule of force, showing itself now here, now there, and always somewhere, is bad for trade. The old saying that the greatest of British interests was peace was a true saying. But we can look much further and deeper without being in the least impractical or unduly idealistic. The task of keeping the world at peace has long been too great for any one power, but the machinery of spheres of influence, international demonstrations, the elaborate system of poise and counterpoise, which characterized pre-war diplomacy succeeded to an extent which in the light of post-war experience seems very remarkable. That system was thrown aside because one feature of it—the balance of power—was held to have been largely accountable for the catastrophe of 1914. No one wishes for that reason to revert to the pre-war system, but this should blind no one to the fact that some alternative system is necessary if civilization is to endure. The year just concluded has seen no single step taken towards the establishment of such a system.

Bolivar and Modern Europe

IT may be said that many of the conflicts of the post-war epoch are essentially civil wars, in which direct intervention is, if not impossible, at least highly undesirable, and that in international disputes the machinery of the League of Nations is gaining in influence. Both

these defences of post-war diplomacy are mere words. Every successful recourse to force weakens the force of law all over the world. Peace is a habit, which, once broken, is hard to recapture. Nations, creeds and factions which see force triumphantly marching away from the conference table with the spoils of war are not rendered unaware of the truth because the spoils of war are labelled by common consent the rewards of a peaceful settlement. Every concession to potential power, wealth or armed force puts a premium on the selfish exploitation of wealth and force. It is that process of constant and successful exploitation which is undermining international morality. To vast tracts of Europe and Asia can be applied to-day the words which Bolivar applied to South America a hundred years ago. "There is no faith, neither in men nor in nations. Their treaties are waste paper: their constitutions paper and ink; their elections are battles: liberty is anarchy and life a torment." By keeping our eyes riveted on the Franco-German frontier or the Atlantic ocean we can hypnotize ourselves into a belief that the world is at peace. To open our eyes is to see far different things which can inspire no one but a lunatic.

Literature in 1930

1930 has seen no new literary reputations, nor much change in contemporary valuations. The hysterical excitement over war books has happily died down, and the picaresque novel has taken chief place in the popular fancy. In this vein Mr. A. P. Herbert, Mr. Priestley and Mr. Walpole have scored notable successes. And among new novelists, Mr. Walpole picks out Miss Olive Moore, author of *Spleen*, Mr. Keith Winter (*Other Man's Saucer*), Mr. Oliver (*The Secret Image*), Mr. Thomas Bell (*Equestrian Portrait*), and Miss Marguerite Steen (*They That go Down*). Some at least of these writers will be heard of again. The chief literary interest of the year has lain quite outside literature. We refer to the amazing popularity of the new science, overflowing at all points into religion, morality and politics. Writers like Sir James Jeans, Professor Huxley, Professor Andrade, and Professor J. B. S. Haldane exercise an influence through the Press and through the writings of others under their influence (Mr. H. G. Wells, perhaps,

was the first of these), which transcends the influence of creative artists a hundredfold.

The Flight from Reason

It is not with their analysis of material things that the public is concerned, but with their interpretation of life in the broadest sense. It is in this sense that it is significantly true that the "scientist" has taken the place occupied in the Victorian age, for the cultured by the quarterly and monthly reviews, and, for the mass, by the novelists. It is a disquieting event, not because our level of scientific attainment is low, but because the major problems of life are by no means certainly resolved by applying to imponderables the sciences which derive their authority from the accuracy with which they measure ponderables. It is at least as likely to be true that man is the measure of all things, as that measurement is the key to the understanding of man. For this reason we venture to suggest that all readers of popular science should read at the same time Mr. Arnold Lunn's provocative *Flight from Reason*, in which he challenges the credentials of science to speak with authority in matters of religion, morality and politics.

The Trades Disputes Acts

As we go to press, the text of the new Trades Disputes Bill is issued. It is, under the guise of an amending bill, a bill to repeal the act as at present in force. It legalizes the sympathetic strike, restores the political levy, and removes the ban on the association of public servants with trade unions. More remarkably, it weakens the injunctions against intimidating by pickets to a point where the provisions cease to afford any safeguard to the individual, except against personal injury. The Bill is a piece of partisan legislation reflecting no credit on its authors. The legalization of the sympathetic strike is a point on which there are two opinions, either of which can honourably be held. On the other points, this cannot be said. If the Bill passes, a grave blow will have been struck at many liberties, and chiefly at the liberty at present enjoyed by professional politicians to govern the country as their party caucuses require. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Notes from Paris

By Roland Atkinson

M. Tardieu's Fall.—Readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW should not have been vastly surprised when they heard in the first days of December that M. Tardieu's Ministry had found it advisable to resign, following an attack in the Senate which placed it in a bare minority. These notes had indicated that the "game" of politics was about to begin after a long period of inactivity, and it was hinted that, as there was no promising line of assault beyond that of the "personal" incident, this would be the line the Opposition would endeavour to utilize. It was utilized to the very utmost limits, and M. Tardieu was defeated on a motion of confidence by eight votes, a figure subsequently reduced to three when the customary "rectifications" had been presented.

Dirty Politics.—So, merely for the purposes of the political game, a Cabinet which really had been achieving useful, solid work was thrown out, despite the glaring evidence that no other conceivable Ministry could have any prospect of life; thus opening up the likelihood of a succession of crises which will prevent any possibility of a Cabinet being able to settle down to anything beyond the fight to remain in office. So it was also shown that the game of politics, universally regarded as a dirty game, is perhaps dirtier in France than in any country of Western Europe. For the method employed to render M. Tardieu's position untenable rested on a basis of slanderous rumour that would do no credit to the riff-raff that makes a dubious living round the quays of Marseilles.

That the Senate should engage in such tactics has come as a shock to French public opinion, accustomed as it has become to allegations of politico-financial scandals which leave a stink in the nostrils. The Senate is usually careful to preserve a reputation for being above such discreditable manœuvres as are associated with the Chamber of Deputies and has sought to be regarded as staid, sober and cautious. But on this occasion the method of attack was in keeping with the worst traditions of the Lower House. Nominally it rested on objections to the "general policy" of M. Tardieu,

but in fact it was intensely and bitterly personal, being mainly concerned with innuendoes to the effect that members of the Ministry had personally profited by the transactions of the financier Oustric, who was alleged to have extracted large sums of money from misled French investors.

The Oustric Scandal.—It may be recalled that, in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Tardieu had already survived an assault planned in similar fashion with M. Raoul Péret, his Minister of Justice, as the apparent target. M. Péret had been counsel for Oustric while he was out of Cabinet office, and this made it easy to allege that he had made use of his Ministerial position to advance the interests of the concern. The Premier was able to overcome the danger in the Chamber because he had a solid majority there, and he appeared to have made his position as safe as could be expected when M. Péret resigned and the cautious M. Cheron was induced to accept the succession. But then two Under-Secretaries decided to follow M. Péret's example because of the over-growing rumours that they also were implicated in the Oustric affair, and the Cabinet was further weakened.

A Degraded Senate.—Even with this handicap it appeared just possible that M. Tardieu might be able to carry on, since he still possessed the confidence of the majority in the Chamber of Deputies in face of slanderous allegations that he personally was aware of the relations of the implicated Ministers with the Oustric group. Evidently the Socialists and Radical-Socialists had also formed this impression, and it was this which decided them to call on their allies in the Senate—better situated numerically—to execute a manœuvre for which they themselves did not possess adequate numerical resources. Generally the Senate has scorned to stoop to such tactics, but the present Senators, a bare majority of whom have a Radical tinge, have no personal liking for M. Tardieu, because of the feeling that, as a "comparative youth," he has not shown sufficient deference to their dignity.

A Personal Attack.—Had the Premier been *persona grata* with the Upper House, the atmosphere might have

been altogether different, but in the circumstances it was clear that Senators had been influenced by the whispered allegations that he himself was as much to blame as anybody in the alleged Oustric scandals. There was a thin pretence to cover up the unpleasant main line of attack by dragging in criticisms on points of foreign policy and anti-clericalism, but with obvious half-heartedness. That M. Tardieu himself was under no delusions was clear from his response. By general admission he is the most vigorous debater in the French Parliament, and, even when he has not the strongest of cases, he can usually be relied on to make a good fight. But in this instance he made no fight at all, having presumably calculated that the votes had already been virtually counted and that he was in a minority. This was about the most surprising feature of the debate.

Perplexed Successors.—Perhaps M. Tardieu estimated, as the facts of the situation gave him cause to do, that in resigning he would place his adversaries in a much more embarrassing position than he had ever been in during his two almost continuous Premierships. For the one outstanding factor in the French parliamentary situation is that, amid the confusing welter of groups in the Chamber of Deputies, there is a majority of votes varying between sixty and eighty in favour of the policy of which M. Tardieu is the accredited exponent. No Radical leader can hope for a majority in the Lower House and, though the Radicals have a slight balance of strength in the Senate, any effort to employ this could only lead to a conflict between the two Houses which would bring about a dissolution—a result of which nearly everybody in France seems to have an intense fear.

A New Government?—How difficult it would be for anybody to succeed where M. Tardieu had failed was swiftly shown when M. Barthou tried to form a Ministry. M. Barthou—one of the two principal Cabinet Unmakers of French politics—had for a while been criticizing the Tardieu combination in the Press, his only apparent object being a hope of the succession. But no sooner was the succession offered to him than he realized that

he could not profit from the opportunity, being unable to constitute any team with a chance of life. The prospects of the next in line, M. Pierre Laval, were somewhat better, as M. Laval, one of M. Tardieu's Ministers and a close friend of both him and M. Briand, planned to form a Ministry which would be the Tardieu-Briand combination over again, with the difference that he would be nominally the Premier instead of M. Tardieu. But he also had to give up.

When the next invitation to form a Cabinet was offered by President Doumergue—to M. Thédore Steeg, a Radical Senator and formerly Resident-General in Morocco—it was not taken very seriously. There was a feeling that it was merely a matter of weeding-out before getting back to M. Tardieu or M. Briand. So far as M. Briand is concerned, it is known that he prefers to remain Foreign Minister without having the majority worries of a Premiership. But M. Steeg, who has never been looked upon as a leader, decided to go on with the idea of being Premier, and formed a Cabinet which to all intents and purposes is a Radical-Socialist Cabinet. Perhaps M. Steeg is one of those politicians who feel it is better to have been Premier for only five minutes than never to have been Premier at all.

Poincaré.—It was with heartfelt relief that Paris learned how well M. Poincaré had withstood the attack of illness with which he was so suddenly stricken down in the middle of December. The entirely unexpected relapse he had suffered, apparently due to overstrain playing on a weakness left after his earlier serious operation, came as a great shock to everyone in the French capital. It made everybody realize that Paris, almost without noticing it, had acquired a vastly increased affection for the ex-President during the past three or four years. For most of his life M. Poincaré had been much respected, perhaps even admired, but had lacked the gift of winning personal popularity. Now it has been revealed that he has become the best-liked figure in French politics, and politicians and the public alike are thankful that his good constitution promises a triumph over a temporary failing of his normal good health.

A National Economic Policy (ii)*

By Edgar Crammond

The Growth of the Imperial and Local Expenditure

One of the most disturbing features of the situation is the vast growth of Imperial Expenditure at a time when the National Income is falling rapidly. As already stated, we have in the last Budget added a great sum (£46·6 millions in a full year), mostly in the form of direct taxation, to the national expenditure.

The Widows Pension Act, the Unemployment Insurance Act, the sanctioning of £120 millions for relief works and the prospective raising of the school-leaving age, make it certain that the burden of expenditure will not be lightened unless we adopt drastic measures of economy. The following table shows the growth of the principal items of Imperial Expenditure since 1913.

	Million £.	
	1913-14.	1929-30.
National Debt Services	24·5	355·0
Payments to Local Taxation	9·7	13·3
Payments to Northern Ireland	—	5·5
Other Consolidated Fund Services	1·7	3·3
Army	28·3	40·5
Navy	48·8	55·7
Air Force	—	16·7
Civil Services (including Social Services) ..	53·9	246·5
Cost of Collection Customs and Excise ..	4·5	12·0
Road Fund	1·4	21·9
Post Office	24·6	58·9
	197·4	829·3

These figures show an increase of £632 millions, or approximately 320 per cent., but when we allow for the rise in price levels, the increase amounts to approximately 200 per cent.

Growth of Local Expenditure is also most alarming. The rates collected by Local Authorities in Great Britain increased from £78·9 millions in 1913-14 to £175 millions in 1929-30.

It has recently been pointed out by a well-informed observer that, in 1921, when the Budget exceeded £1,000

* The first article appeared last month.

millions, a popular outcry against extravagance compelled the Government to make reductions; the Geddes Committee was appointed and for a time the spirit of economy prevailed. In 1923-24 the National Expenditure fell to £789,000,000, which, making full allowance for the rise in the price level, was considerably more than double the pre-war expenditure. And this was the lowest expenditure in any post-war year.

Since 1923 expenditure has shown a progressive increase nearly every year. This year it has reached the estimated total of £884,000,000, and it is already only too obvious that the realized total will not be less. Thus, in the last six years, there has been an increase of nearly £100,000,000 in our annual budget. (Francis W. Hirst, Lloyds Bank Monthly Review, September 1930.)

It is difficult to resist the conclusion that, having regard to the great decline in the national income during the past three years, our Government is being run on lines of reckless extravagance. When the total cost of Imperial and Local Government absorbed less than 10 per cent. of the National Income, economy was not of vital importance, but now that it absorbs over 25 per cent., it is a very different matter.

The 28,850,000 voters should be asked to insist that there shall be no increase in the aggregate Imperial expenditure for a period of three years—the increased expenditure on Social Services, Unemployment, etc., must be met by economies elsewhere.

Rationalization.

Rationalization is beginning to play an important part in the economic life of this country, as it has already done in Germany and the United States.

British employers are fully alive to the importance of the most efficient plants and the need for continuous improvement in productive methods and reorganization. But they have been severely handicapped in their efforts to keep their plants in line with modern discoveries, by the heavy burden of taxation. Many British industries are not, however, absorbing an adequate supply of new capital for essential purposes such as the re-conditioning and modernization of industrial plant, buildings and equipment and the lack of profits and

dividend-earning power have contributed substantially to their difficulties in obtaining capital.

Professor F. E. Gregory, in his interesting presidential address to the section of Economic Science and Statistics at the meeting of the British Association, on September 8, 1930, said that throughout the world a conscious process of reorganization was taking place, involving both the structure of industry and the methods of production. To this process the name of rationalization had been given. It was many-sided, but among its characteristic results were a growing control over the market, a growing standardization of process and output, and an increasing—in some cases a very largely increasing—output per worker. These associated changes had, therefore, the result of economizing the amount of labour directly required per unit of output and—in so far as the distribution of goods over space and time is itself rationalized—of involving also a net reduction in the amount of labour required to place a unit of output *in the hands of the final consumer*. In his final summary the President emphasizes the following practical conclusions:—

> Since the rationalization movement is international in character, and since it undoubtedly results in most cases in a reduction of cost per unit of output, no single country engaged in international trade under competitive conditions can hope to contract out of its consequences, good and bad, except at the expense of its international trade. This is in itself a sufficient reason for pushing ahead with rationalization in this country.

A National Economic Policy.

To restore British industry to a healthy position and reduce the volume of unemployment, we must adopt certain measures which amount to a reversal or suspension of the policy of the past 20 years.

The first and most important of these measures is a policy of drastic economy, which will have the effect of reducing the cost of production of our manufactures and raw materials. In order to attain this result we must:—

(*a*) Reduce national and local expenditure.

(*b*) Produce more per head of the workers employed by means of a policy of Rationalization and, if necessary, in some trades, by an alteration of the hours of work.

(*c*) Reduce wages in the sheltered industries (i.e. in such industries as Public Utilities, Municipal Work, Railways, Docks and Transport generally) to a level at which they will cease to be a burden and menace to the workers engaged in the export industries.

(*d*) Restrict the activities of the bureaucrats to legitimate administrative functions.

(*e*) Induce the Trade Unions to abandon obsolete trade customs and lines of demarcation.

(*f*) Call a halt to the pace at which the social services have been expanded during the past ten years.

With regard to these measures it is universally recognized that the nation has a direct responsibility to provide that the economic readjustments demanded by the situation shall be effected with the greatest possible consideration for the workers who may be displaced or required for the time being to accept lower wages.

The scale of national expenditure now in force constitutes too heavy a burden.

The Abandonment of the Attack on Capital.

The second fundamental change of national policy, which is demanded by the present economic crisis, is the abandonment of the attack on Capital and the reduction of Direct Taxation. There can be no permanent recovery of our economic condition unless Capital is assured of a "fair deal." One of the principal reasons for the attack is the necessity of having a moral ground to justify the imposition of direct taxation on the most drastic scale the world has known in times of peace. Now that this policy has been carried to the point of diminishing yields, it will be easier to drop it.

It is childish to say that the Capitalist system has failed. No system could flourish which was overloaded with drastic taxation, higher wages than it could afford to pay, undue and incessant interference from Bureaucrats and obsolete Trade Union regulations and lines of demarcation, which prevented it from adapting itself to world changes in industrial methods.

The great industries of Britain were built up under the capitalistic system which has been evolved by the experience of over a century, and that system served us

well. To it we owe the British standard of living, and if we abandon it or cripple it, that standard will be in serious jeopardy.

No one would claim that the capitalistic system is perfect; it is constantly undergoing important internal changes. Old capital must die that new capital may live, and old Trade Union regulations and trade customs must give way to meet the new world conditions. The capitalistic system, when it is allowed to function freely, contains within itself the seeds of its own regeneration.

Our great industrial rivals are encouraging their Capitalists in every possible way by reducing taxation and costs of production at a time when we are increasing both.

In 1929 the taxation per head of the United Kingdom was estimated at £15 1s. 5d., that of the United States at £5 13s. 6d., and that of Germany at £7 9s. per head.

The Adoption of a General Tariff.

The third fundamental change of policy which is necessary is the adoption of a general tariff. There are five vital reasons for this.

1. It will enable us to divert a part of the flood of spending from unreproductive consumption into reproductive home channels, and thus increase employment in the depressed industries. For the time being we require to produce more ships, more locomotives and railway rolling stock, more electrical equipment, more home-grown foodstuffs, more cotton and woollen goods, and to spend less on useless luxuries. When we have restored the balance between the heavy industries and the luxury industries, we shall have paved the way for a fresh advance in the standard of living and shall require more luxuries than ever before.

2. It will enable us to maintain the Social Services at their present level and help to provide the amount required for maintaining the unemployed, and at the same time enable an immediate substantial reduction in the amount of direct taxation, that is to say, Income Tax, Surtax and the Inheritance Taxes. It should also provide a substantial additional sum for the redemption of the national debt.

3. It will enable the country to bring agriculture into prosperity, increase employment in that industry, and increase the home-grown supplies of foodstuffs.

4. It will enable us to adopt an effective policy of Preference for the Dominions and Colonies.

5. It will enable us to protect our industries against dumping and the low level of wages paid in certain industries on the Continent. It will also place a bargaining weapon in our hands which might, in certain cases, be used to help the Coal, Iron and Steel, Engineering and the Cotton and Wool Textile Industries.

It will be maintained that the imposition of a general tariff will increase our costs of production. This may be true to some extent at the outset, but where the tariff results in a larger volume of turnover, there should be no great permanent increase. Moreover, the effect of this on our export trade will be neutralized by the complementary policy advocated later—a great increase of investment of Capital abroad, which will provide new purchasers for our production—principally in the heavy industries—to the extent of £200 millions per annum.

Increase of the Investment of Capital Abroad.

When the three fundamental changes of policy outlined above have been carried into effect, the way will have been cleared for private enterprise to function freely once again, and capital will be able to make its vital and indispensable contribution to the problem of unemployment. To carry this out to the fullest possible extent, there must be a fourth fundamental change in policy, and Britain must be prepared to make a vast increase in the amount of her investments abroad.

There appears to be an extraordinary want of understanding of the important and beneficial influence of the investment of capital Overseas on the economic life of this country. The Balfour Committee on Industry and Trade say on this subject:—

> The advantages derived from the export of capital in the past are clear. Had it not been for the development of food and raw material production, and of the means of transport in many parts of the world, Great Britain would have been quite unable to support her present population at anything like the existing standard of living. It is true that the advantage which thus results from the export of capital may

to a considerable extent be temporary, since the industrial development of other countries may ultimately cause increased demand for their own home-grown products in those countries. This fact, however, tends to emphasize the necessity for continued investment of British capital in new areas overseas in order to safeguard the position in this country in the future. We think it would be dangerous, even if on other grounds it were practicable or desirable, for Great Britain to abdicate its function as an investing country and to rely, for example, upon American capital for pioneer work which is necessary in many parts of the world if our future supplies are to be ensured.

Account must be taken of the intimate connection between finance and trade. Export of capital involves such an adjustment of our International Trading Account that the aggregate value of all exports (visible and invisible) exceeds the value of all imports (visible and invisible); and it may also involve a disproportionate development of particular exporting industries (e.g. iron and steel, or engineering). A feature of the post-war industrial situation of Great Britain has been a heavy decline in the export of capital, a decline which we are disposed to regard as being at the present time more an effect than a cause of depression in our export trade. It seems clear to us that full employment in our exporting industries, having regard to their character and extent, can only be attained in the near future if there is a substantial increase in the export of capital.

If our exports of merchandise (including re-exports) for 1929 had been maintained at the same relative proportion to the imports as in 1913, their value in 1929 would have been £1,010 millions, instead of only £839 millions, and this addition of £171 millions would have given employment to a great number of people.

A large proportion of the relative decline of our visible exports must be attributed to the fact that every year we receive about £500 millions from "invisible exports." The world, in its present state of development of international trade, can only afford to purchase a certain limited amount of our manufactures and raw materials at our relatively high prices, and at the same time pay us £500 millions a year for our "invisible exports." It must, of course, be borne in mind that a proportion of the "invisible exports" represents the cost of freight, insurance and financial services for our own visible imports and exports. The fact of the matter is we are spending at home too large a proportion of our income from abroad; we must increase our savings and re-invest abroad a greater proportion than we have been doing in the past ten years, and this, in turn, will stimu-

late the trade of the world and enable it to purchase a larger proportion of our manufactures. We have concentrated on the production of quality goods and the world purchases as much as it can afford of this class, but so far as the cheaper goods are concerned—the mass production goods—it is obtaining an increasing proportion of what it wants elsewhere at cheaper prices. In other words the "invisible exports" are putting the "visible exports" out of business. It is unfortunate for our internal economy that the world prefers the services of, let us say, one Banker or one Underwriter (whose services are invisible, so far as the Board of Trade returns are concerned) to the "visible" services of, say, 100 Cotton Spinners, but if the world does not want British Cotton or Woollen manufactures at our prices, the earnings of the Bankers and Underwriters in international trade will help us to maintain the unemployed Cotton or Wool Textile operatives until we have adjusted our costs of production to world industrial conditions.

We have created a wonderful piece of machinery for developing our export trade in the shape of the investment of capital abroad. Before the war, we were enabled by this expedient to increase our exports and maintain an equilibrium between our visible imports and exports, our income from Investments abroad, our Shipping and our Services in International Trade, Finance and Insurance, and at the same time ensure such an expansion of our exports as would provide a reasonable volume of employment for our growing population.

If we could increase our investments abroad to, say, £300 millions per annum, instead of £94 millions as for 1929, by means of a carefully co-ordinated plan, we could increase our visible exports by £200 millions per annum. This would result in very large orders being placed for engineering and iron and steel products, electrical equipment, and other British manufactures, and in a short time it would lead to largely increased exports of Cotton and Wool Textiles. It would bring very large buying orders for these products at a period when our costs of production might be temporarily raised by the new general tariff already proposed. The increased volume of exports would necessitate increased

imports of foodstuffs and raw materials, and the policy suggested would stimulate Railways and Motor Transport, Shipping and Coal. A new prosperity would thus be brought to our depressed areas in Lancashire, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Scotland, and South Wales, and the unemployment in those areas would be immediately and effectively reduced. On the lines I propose remunerative work would be provided at home for something between 500,000 and 1,000,000 men in work with which they are familiar, and without disturbing their homes, and we should at the same time be able to provide work Overseas for British Emigrants at the rate of 50,000 per annum, say, a total of 500,000 in 10 years in addition to our normal volume of emigration which has now fallen to about 82,000 per annum. (In 1913 they numbered 242,000.) This scheme would have the further advantage that it would stimulate the whole trade of the country and increase the national income by something between £200 millions and £300 millions per annum. This, in turn, would increase the yield of taxation and lower the burden of overhead charges.

It will be questioned whether, by increasing our investments abroad to the extent indicated, we can feel assured that work will be found for a minimum of 500,000 of unemployed persons in the depressed industries, but we can make sure of this by marrying the orders to the finance. It will also be questioned whether it would be possible to provide the capital to increase our investments abroad to the extent required. I am confident that, if we wished to do so, we could provide an even larger sum for the purpose. The real fund out of which capital is provided for investment abroad is the excess of production of foodstuffs, raw materials and manufactures and services over their consumption. By a policy of rigorous economy in national and local expenditure, which must take the form of reduced direct taxation, we could release a very large annual sum for this purpose. In 1913 we invested abroad approximately £181 millions (equivalent to £256 millions at the 1929 level of prices), but in 1929 the new Capital Issue for Overseas countries only amounted to £94 millions.*

* Midland Bank Monthly Review, June-July, 1930.

Since 1913 we have greatly increased our capacity for production, and our population has expanded by 2,300,000. We are only working at the rate of less than 70 per cent. of our capacity in most of our industries, and we have over 2,286,000 unemployed. The great bulk of the proposed additional investment Overseas would be provided by the utilization of British labour, raw materials and manufacturing equipment. We should probably have to increase our imports of raw materials and foodstuffs to the extent of £60 millions or £70 millions. This, in turn, would stimulate the trade of the Dominions and Colonies.

In spite of any possible economies in taxation or otherwise, the increase of the investments abroad would involve at the outset a comparatively small measure of inflation. Probably £30 millions or £40 millions would suffice to mobilize our unused capacity for production and get the general movement well under way, but regulated inflation for the purpose of giving a very large volume of employment to our heavy industries by means of reproductive investments abroad is a much better alternative than inflation for the purpose of maintaining an ever-growing volume of unemployment.

THE INTENSIVE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

General Smuts, in his recent addresses in Canada, expressed his anxiety as to the future of the British Empire. The past ten years, he said, had been devoted to establishing beyond all question the national status of the Dominions. But that was only the first stage, and the least difficult one in the building of the modern Empire, and it was now completed. Cannot the next ten years, he asked, be given over with the same zeal to the achievement of closer co-operation and real solidarity in policy?

The resolution passed at the bankers' conference on July 2, 1930, was as follows:—

It is resolved that urgent measures for the promotion of inter-Imperial trade are needed to secure and extend the market for British products, both at home and through the export trade. Bitter experience has taught Great Britain that the hopes expressed four years ago

in a plea for the removal of the restrictions upon European trade have failed to be realized.

The restrictions have been materially increased, and the sales of surplus foreign products in the British markets have steadily grown. While we retain the hope of an ultimate extension of the area of free trade throughout the world, we believe that the immediate step for securing and extending the market for British goods lies in reciprocal trade agreements between the nations constituting the British Empire. As a condition of securing these agreements, Great Britain must retain her open market for all Empire products while being prepared to impose duties on all imports from all other countries.

The adoption of a general tariff concurrently with a vast increase of the investment of capital abroad, would afford the best method of giving effect to the views of General Smuts and the bankers.

It is necessary to take a long view in this matter. In America to-day, the practice is growing up of making 10-year plans. The conditions are ideal for the adoption of a 10-year plan for the purpose of achieving the economic unity of the British Empire.

Britain is the finest market in the world for foodstuffs and raw materials, and if a general tariff were in operation, it would be quite easy to give Empire products a preference in these commodities. If in the course of the next 10 years we direct the outflow of British people and British capital into those portions of the Empire which possess a climate suitable for our people, and are specially adapted to the production of the foodstuffs and raw materials required by Britain, it is practically certain that we should bring about such an increase of population, wealth and productivity in those portions of the Empire that they could safely absorb our emigrants and manufactures to the extent indicated. It would not be extravagant to estimate that the adoption of this plan would add about 5,000,000 to the white population of the Overseas Empire within the next 20 years. The addition to the wealth of the Overseas Empire during the same period beyond the normal growth would be at least £5,000 millions.

At home this policy would not only relieve unemployment but it would increase the amount of our investments abroad in ten years by at least £3,000 millions (instead of by £1,000 millions at the present low average

annual rate of increase, say, £100 millions), and this in turn would increase our invisible exports, that is to say, the income by way of interest on our investments abroad to the extent of £150 millions per annum. When this result is attained, we could make a further advance in our standard of living on a broad and firm foundation.

It would be wise for Britain to secure American co-operation in this intensive development of the British Empire. The two countries enjoy the highest standards of living in the world, and they have a common interest to maintain these against the lower standards of the Latin Races and the peoples of Asia.

American manufacturers have had to adapt their industries to the requirements of Colonial conditions, more than to the intensive markets of Britain.

The two powers have a common interest in maintaining the sanctity of contracts, because the world is already practically in pawn to them, and is everyday getting deeper into their debt, and, as the industrialization of the Latin Countries and Asia develops and the fight for the consuming markets of the world becomes intensified, Britain and America will be more and more compelled to rely upon their own territorial markets.

In the 46 years preceding the war America was the safety-valve of Europe. Into that vast country Europe poured her surplus population and her surplus manufacturing production. The economic development of America was of immense profit to Britain. She absorbed a large proportion of our surplus population. We took a very large part in the building of her railways, and we provided a splendid market for her exports of foodstuffs and raw materials. Our shipping also benefited by the huge volume of transatlantic traffic. We now require a new outlet for our surplus population and manufacturing production, comparable with that America offered between 1870 and 1914.

The adoption of the plan outlined above would rapidly transform the economic position of Australia from the deepest depression to certain and abundant prosperity provided, of course, that Australia puts her house in order on the lines indicated by Sir O. Niemeyer. A recent writer (Mr. H. L. Wilkinson, "The World's

Population Problems and a White Australia.") thinks that Australia could accommodate 23 millions at the present standard of living. It should be mentioned, however, that a still more recent report by an economist challenges this statement, and contends that Australia cannot expand her population very fast or very far.

PROPOSED TRUST FOR THE REDEMPTION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

Notwithstanding the drastic taxation of the past twelve years, the nation has not been able to effect any appreciable reduction in the National Debt, and it does not appear likely that politicians or bureaucrats will be able to tackle this problem. It is time business men took a hand in the matter, and they could do so in conjunction with the national economic policy outlined above.

A National Debt Redemption Trust should be formed under the direction of the Bank of England, for the purpose of controlling the expenditure of that part of the annual investment of British capital abroad which was destined to be placed in the British Empire Overseas. The Trust would receive, in addition to the ordinary return capital would command, a certain proportion of the increment of wealth created by its operations. This could be done by a variety of ways, the most simple being some share in the equities which it created, possibly by the assignment of land or a proportion of shares of no par value in the capital of the companies it might organize. There would be similar National Debt Redemption Trusts in each of the Dominions and Colonies controlled by the Bank of England and the bankers to the Dominions and Colonies. The income of the Trusts from these sources would be earmarked for the redemption of the National Debts of Britain and the Public Debts of any other portions of the Empire (which might afford facilities for the activities of the Trusts).

If the policy indicated were vigorously pursued on anything approaching the scale proposed, the problem of the redemption of the National Debts of Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and other parts of the Empire, would be largely solved.

All the essential factors are in existence and are under the control of the peoples of the British Empire. We

have well within our grasp the opportunity of building up the most powerful self-contained economic unit in the world. Have we the vision and courage to mobilize and direct these factors into the control of a great imperial creative organization? One of the principal functions of this body would be to marry the orders to the finance and thus ensure the placing of such contracts with the depressed industries as would ensure their prosperity and ability to reduce unemployment. The politicians and bureaucrats are not fitted for the task—they are influenced too much by the 28,850,000 voters; it can only be performed in a satisfactory manner by independent men who are by instinct and training organizers, creators and conservers—that is to say, by the capitalists. This, it seems to me, will be the supreme test for British capitalism. It has a fine record of achievement all over the world; it has great traditions; if it now turns away from this task, the onward march of the bureaucrats will be assured, we shall probably have a Tariff the revenue from which will be squandered on some non-productive emergency schemes, or used to maintain the ever-growing volume of unemployment or in extending the social services in the hopeless task of trying to tax the country into prosperity, and the decline of Britain will have definitely begun.

It may be urged that the policy I advocate is not a complete and final solution of our economic problems, that it will carry us on for a decade or two, and that in the course of the next 20 or 30 years we shall be confronted by much the same difficulties as to-day, but only in an aggravated form. No one can forecast with any certainty the precise form in which the economic evolution of the world will proceed. We are in a new mechanical age, and now that the machines are doing so much of the work of the world, we are only on the fringe of the problems of production and consumption. In a dynamic world there can be no finality to the process of evolution, and the developments of science and engineering in the next two or three decades will fundamentally alter many of the questions of frontiers, tariffs, methods and costs of production and problems of distribution which seem so formidable to-day.

The ideal condition is no doubt one of universal free trade, but this ideal is further away than at any time during the past two decades. Moreover, the violent divergence between the standards of living of the English-speaking peoples and the other peoples of the world makes this ideal impossible to realize at the present time. The world appears to be drifting into three vast, well-defined economic groups, the British Empire, America, Russia; and two loosely defined economic groups, Europe and the Far East. For the time being it seems to me we must devote a large part of our energies to the consolidation of the British Empire Economic Group. It is quite possible that some of the smaller members of the European group may ultimately enter the British Empire Customs Union, and looking further ahead, it is possible to envisage a Customs Union which will embrace all the English-speaking peoples.

The goal of human endeavour is not mass production, nor is it undisciplined consumption; it is the art of living, and in this art we are leading the world to-day. We have made wonderful progress along the lines of improving the average lot of the average man; in this we have run too far ahead of the rest of the world; and from this we are suffering to-day.

We were the pioneers of the industrial system, and the leadership of the world is still largely in our hands. We have induced the peoples of Europe and North America to adopt our systems of Banking, Insurance and Mercantile practice, and now we are laying before them our conception of the right use of life. Our task is not finished; it is only beginning a new chapter, but we must slow down a little and wait until the standards of living of the peoples of Europe more nearly approach our level. I do not see Britain in a decline—we are in the middle of a violent process of evolution and readjustment and if everybody is reasonable and industrious and we adopt the national economic policy indicated above, a new era of prosperity and well-being will be opened up for the British people and the peoples of the world.

Facilis Descensus

By Ernest Remnant

SIR ERNEST BENN is a national asset. In an age when economic truth is at the very bottom of the well he hoists it up in bucketfuls and pours them clear and cold on the heads of a bemused public. His latest book "Account Rendered, 1900–1930,"* is a broadside of facts and figures and shrewd comment.

Although every inhabitant of this island is closely concerned in the national finances, very few take any interest in them. This may be partly explained by the obscurity of budgets and other national accounts, but chiefly by the fact that, while under two and a half millions pay income tax, most of whom escape with comparatively modest contributions, over 90 per cent. of the population pay no direct tax. A large proportion of them, on the contrary, actually benefit in one way or another from the public purse. This absurd, top-heavy and inequitable system has only been possible so far by eating up reserves, the accumulation of past thrift; in other words, by living on our fat. The careless crowd has blissfully imagined this provision of unearned benefits to be ordained by Providence. It has lasted so long, in constantly increased measure, that it is now regarded as a right.

But the end is in sight, and the object of this invaluable book is to show in simple language, understandable by the most elementary intelligence, that we are heading straight for bankruptcy in the not distant future. It is shown that the era of extravagance began with the advent of Mr. Lloyd George in 1900, and the stages of the rake's progress are drawn with all the force of a Hogarth. Every point is driven home with irrefutable figures and homely illustrations. The mania for spending and capitalizing the future has spread from Parliament to the local authorities. In 1901 the District Council of Godstone borrowed £906 at 3¾ per cent. for sewage works, the last instalment of which will be repaid next year. That single liability of £906 contracted in 1901 has since been increased to £436,939! A debt of one shilling a head is now 354 shillings a head for every

*Benn. 6s.

man, woman and child in that rural district. Well may the author predict that our children will curse us. The Victorian age built up assets for the future. We spend lavishly and pile up burdens for future generations to repay. And all in the name of humanitarianism, progress, social welfare, etc. Many years ago I was investigating the position of a large undertaking which was in financial difficulties. I was surprised at a list of liabilities much less alarming than I had expected. "Surely," I said, "the debts are much more than this?" "Oh, no! only bills!" Bills or post-dated acceptances were hardly regarded as debts, being remote and probably renewable. Evidently politicians and local authorities have the same airy contempt for deferred liabilities. They regard them, indeed, with pride as an imposing "capital account."

So heedless are the public of the financial obligations incurred by profligate politicians that it will come as a shock to most to learn that the ultimate capital liability for pensions alone is no less than £23,000,000,000! Yet that is the staggering sum which it would cost to free us of the annual liability. All the insurance companies in the world could not undertake it for less, and of course the present capital is not available anywhere. But why worry? We can still draw bills on the future of the British nation.

It is popularly supposed that the war was responsible for the greater part of our national liabilities. Sir Ernest Benn shows that since 1918 "the new politics" have actually added more than twice as much to our liabilities as the whole cost of the war.

Every Conservative association in the country should get a copy of "Account Rendered" and circulate it amongst all those of its members who will speak or canvass before the next election. Whether the Central Office has been sufficiently purged of its Socialistic tendencies to approve this suggestion I am not sure. If the *fons et origo mali* was undoubtedly Mr. Lloyd George with his "People's Budget," "ninepence for fourpence," and other cheap-jack tricks for buying votes, Conservatives have not been able to resist the temptation to follow suit. Before the last election, indeed, their central organization had been captured

by sloppy sentimentalists who succeeded in persuading the Conservative Party to outbid Mr. Lloyd George and the Socialists in buying votes by extravagant measures of "social reform."

Sir Ernest Benn, a traditional Liberal, confesses that at the last election his vote was given to the Conservatives. In spite of their recent lapses, he must either remain in the Conservative fold (at least as a voter) or abstain from voting. For, although it is too much to hope that the Conservative Party will always wholly satisfy so austere an economic purist, it is at least certain that stern necessity will prevent them for a generation from straying very far from the narrow path of financial virtue. As for the Liberals, their frantic anxiety to squander untold millions to buy votes for Mr. Lloyd George must be even more nauseating to Sir Ernest Benn than the mad prodigality of the Socialists. As a rigid individualist, he cannot but realize that the Liberal Party is past redemption. One by one, every man of principle in the party is forced to leave it. Now that the famous fund has disappeared, nothing is left for the dregs of an historic party but to sell their votes in order to prolong a futile and discredited existence.

Stern realist and acute observer as he is, Sir Ernest Benn clings surprisingly to a pathetic faith in democracy. Yet it would be difficult to find any more devastating indictment of the democratic system of Government than is furnished by the recital of bare facts in this book.

> The optimists, the true believers in democracy, are surely justified in the theory that our people possess a solid, inherent sense of right and that the extravagance which we see all around us is only a passing post-war phase which might have been much worse, and the end of which is beginning to be in sight. That end will be hastened when we see more clearly the future damage that must result from our present actions.
>
> I am one of those who think that there is sterner stuff in democracy, and that its quality will before long begin to make itself apparent. We English have been at this Government business in a steady conscious way for ten centuries, having all that time no other object than to transfer the powers of Government from various sorts of despots into the hands of the people themselves . . . And now no sincere democrat will venture to doubt that Government is in the right hands; the people are really governing themselves. To quite half the people the experience is a novel one, and the quality of government is therefore very poor. There are thirty million

electors playing with government in much the same way as the schoolboy plays with a new watch. In the course of time the boy will learn . . . and equally it is no vain hope that even thirty million electors will one day discover that the quality of government improves as the quantity diminishes.

They will undoubtedly discover that the quality of Government can only improve as the quantity of incompetent voters diminishes. As the author clearly shows, the nation was launched on the *descensus Averno* with the advent of the democratic idol, Mr. Lloyd George, at the beginning of the century. It had already gone far by the outbreak of war in 1914. Whatever the faults of the old undemocratic days, when power had not yet been surrendered to the mob, it is unfortunate for Sir Ernest's faith that only when the last defence has been destroyed and the mob is in undisputed enjoyment of its democratic licence to do whatever it will, in a few short years it has brought England to the very brink of ruin, which it will take several ascetically self-denying generations to restore. Now, indeed, " *the people are really governing themselves* " !

Doubtless the schoolboy will grow up and perhaps learn. But what about his irreparable watch? *Every generation* of schoolboys spoils its watches. Is every succeeding generation of voting schoolboys to be allowed to pick the prosperity and the credit of England to pieces in the futile hope that, before they are utterly destroyed, a generation of voters will be born with the wisdom of mature experience and endowed with the qualities that hitherto have resulted only from testing in the hard school of responsibility? Does Sir Ernest really believe that mass " education " raises the level of natural intelligence, that it imparts powers of reasoning and judgment obviously non-existent in the majority? That, even where some such embryonic qualities exist, it can force them to an artificial maturity? That " education," even generations of it, can serve the individual as substitute for experience, as the electrical process of tanning replaces long immersion in oak bark solution?

So robust a thinker as Sir Ernest Benn cannot, I fancy, have many illusions. Democracy, that greatest of all political illusions—the right and ability of the

incompetent to rule or choose their rulers—is the enemy of individualism. It is ever jealous of superiority. So far as the crowd has power, it will be directed against the individual who dares to rise above a low dead-level. It talks of equality of opportunity. It aims at equality of means. And it is so unfitted to wield power that it will always be dominated and exploited by demagogues skilled in the tricks of deluding the ignorant.

After reading the following passages in his book, I venture to doubt if Sir Ernest really thinks much better of democracy.

The individual always knows that he is spending his own money, while the nation is apt to think of the matter less directly. It is free, or appears to be free, from the inconvenient arrival of the creditor in the shape of a summons or a broker's man. It gets into financial difficulties, and then, in the exercise of what it is pleased to call its sovereign rights, repudiates its debts, inflates its currency, or, as in our own case, pretends to find commercial credit in future generations.

In 1891, social services cost us £22,644,000; in 1911, £68,158,000; and in 1927, £383,261,000. The people as a whole must share with the bureaucracy the responsibility for any evil there may be in this total.

And while we recognize that life itself is not long enough to understand and master the many-sided problems of theology, we carelessly accept twenty-one years and a vote as proof of perfect wisdom on the proportion of life which shall perforce be spent in pursuit of a statutory system of exercises which we dignify with the title of education.

Government is the last of the shams of civilization. In what is thought to be a perfect democracy, I govern by right, but whatever else I want to do must be accomplished by work and endeavour. If I am twenty-one years of age, I cast my vote for seven hours for a miner, the abolition of the submarine, the increase of the National Debt, the taxation of company reserves, or Dominion status for India, without any questions asked as to my qualifications. When, however, I desire to work as a compositor, I must serve a seven years' apprenticeship. The minor things, the practical details, the commonplace necessities of life are recognized to be difficult, but the big things, issues of universal import, world affairs, the regulation of life and happiness, depend upon a right which all are supposed to possess and expected to exercise. . . . Somebody proposes, let us say, that the price of wheat should be fixed at a certain figure, and that extremely technical and difficult proposition is submitted almost automatically to thirty million electors and to as many newspaper readers. The discussion will be loud and vigorous for and against the proposed price, for and against the method of fixing, for and against the principle involved, but nobody will deny the right to act, or still less the qualifications of the thirty million electors to discuss the matter at all.

Proportional Representation and The Party Machine

By E. V. Clark, M.Inst.C.E.

(University of Adelaide)

THE institutions of this world are largely of the nature of compromises. They have their good points and their bad. We would remove the defects if we could, provided we incurred no risk on the one hand of removing the good points at the same time, or on the other of adding new defects which might prove more serious than those we know and are accustomed to. The essential difference between the conservative and the radical types of mind is that the former, like Hamlet, prefers to bear the ills he has, rather than fly to others that he knows not of, whereas the latter, disregarding the possibility of introducing greater evils in eliminating those he perceives, is apt to consider the existence of an evil as sufficient reason for immediate action to abolish it.

There are very few people who would claim that the present electoral system of Great Britain is ideal. Every election shows that the numerical strength of parties in the House of Commons is in no way representative of their strength in the country; that, where triangular contests occur, the elected member may be regarded as utterly unsuitable by sixty per cent. of the voters; and that over large areas very considerable minorities may be entirely unrepresented. It is not unnatural, therefore, to seek some electoral system which shall eliminate these serious defects.

The second of these evils may be removed to some extent by the single electorate with transferable vote. In this case, it becomes certain that the elected member is preferred by a majority of the voters to one at least of his opponents. But this system has little direct influence either in making Parliament more representative of the nation or in securing representation to appreciable minorities.

Undoubtedly, the system which appears most adequately to meet the three defects above cited is that of proportional representation with multi-member electorates and the single transferable vote.* If on such

* Vide "Proportional Representation," by R. Colnett Wright, ENGLISH REVIEW, Dec. 1929.

a system the whole country were made a single electorate, then one might definitely state that, subject to one important condition, Parliament would much more adequately represent the wishes of the country, that no man would be elected unless he were *persona grata* to an appropriate number of the voters, and that every minority other than a quite insignificant one had an opportunity to be represented in the House. But the important qualifying condition is that the true wishes of each elector should be properly indicated.

A single electorate for the whole of Great Britain is palpably impossible, and, even if it were not prohibited by the task of counting and distributing the votes to determine who were elected, the country-wide electorate would stand condemned from the utter impossibility of any voter recording an intelligent vote, with a thousand or more names on the ballot paper. Thus, in proposals seriously put forward for proportional representation, it is usually recommended that the country should be divided into electorates returning from three to seven members each; and, though this division, while rendering the system practicable, must of necessity impair to some extent its ideal qualifications, one may fairly claim, nevertheless, that, subject to the reservation already made, a system of proportionate representation would markedly reduce in seriousness the three defects above enumerated that appear inseparable from the present system of voting. But the importance of this condition, that the ballot papers cast shall in general represent the considered views of the individual members of the electorate, appears to have been largely overlooked.

Hitherto South Australia has had a voting system similar to that of Great Britain, with two and three-member electorates. The two main parties are Liberal and Labour. A third, the Country Party, has also put forward candidates at recent elections, with the natural outcome of triangular contests. The last Parliament carried legislation introducing a "block vote" system, as used for some years in elections for the Federal Senate, the essentials of which are that electors mark their ballot papers with the figures, 1, 2, 3, etc., in order of preference, as under proportionate representation; and, with the exclusion *seriatim* of the lowest remaining candidate, votes are transferred until one has a majority

of the votes cast. Then the whole of the voting papers are again examined with this elected candidate excluded, and his votes distributed in accordance with their second preferences; and the transfer of votes from the lowest remaining candidate is proceeded with until a second has an absolute majority; and so on until the requisite number of members is elected. This method, it will be seen, is one of a multiple transferable vote, each elector having virtually as many votes as there are members to be elected. The system is not one of proportional representation, and bears very little resemblance thereto, except that the marking of the ballot papers in the two systems is the same. It is the voting at this recent election which has drawn the writer's attention to the overpowering influence given to the party machine by this method of marking ballot papers, an influence so great that in no instance in these elections was a party candidate elected in priority to a colleague who stood higher on the party ticket; and this influence must be far greater under proportional representation, owing to the small quota of votes necessary to secure election.

This fact is far from being generally recognized. On the contrary, advocates of proportional representation consider that the system will render the party machine less influential than at present; and in the correspondence section of THE ENGLISH REVIEW for March, 1930, Mr. J. H. Humphreys, Secretary to the Proportional Representation Society, in discussing this very point, arrives at this conclusion. The explanation of the discrepancy is not far to seek.

The ideal of proportional representation is that every voter scrutinizes the ballot paper carefully, weighs the qualifications of the candidates, and marks his card as the result of his deliberations. Undoubtedly, a limited number of voters will follow this course. But the vast majority will do nothing of the kind. The party issues a voting ticket, and the voter marks his ballot paper in accordance with the ticket of the party to which he belongs. The first preference votes cast by thinking voters will be insignificant in comparison with those cast for the man who stands first on the party ticket.

The soundness of this view is clearly indicated by the figures below, which show the votes cast for Labour in the six City electorates of South Australia at the recent

elections, when on the block vote system Labour gained every seat but one, winning six from the Liberals and one from an Independent. In each case, the order of the candidates is that of the party ticket, and the numbers represent the first preferences obtained, before any transfer of votes.

First Electorate. Three members.
(1) 5,761.
(2) 317.
(3) 241.

Second Electorate. Two members.
(1) 6,968.
(2) 976.

Third Electorate. Three members.
(1) 16,206.
(2) 515.
(3) 1,217.

Fourth Electorate. Three members.
(1) 11,240.
(2) 461.
(3) 863.

Fifth Electorate. Two members.
(1) 14,311.
(2) 1,092.

Sixth Electorate. Two members.
(1) 13,460.
(2) 2,073.

Nor is it the Labour supporter alone who accepts the party ticket without exercising individual discretion. In the electorates three and four above, where the Liberals lost two and three seats respectively, the votes cast for Liberal candidates were as follows:—

Third Electorate.
(a) 13,034.
(b) 1,413.
(c) 646.

Fourth Electorate.
(a) 10,426.
(b) 1,538.
(c) 541.

Thus among those who gave a first vote to Labour in the six electorates, roughly ninety per cent. cast their first preference as the party ticket dictated, and of those

who gave a first vote to a Liberal candidate in the two electorates about eighty per cent. so voted.

Under the present British system, it is quite true that the party machine has very great influence, but there are two safeguards of no inconsiderable moment.

(1) In an electorate where a close contest is anticipated, if a single member is to be returned, it is essential that the candidate should be popular to secure sufficient of the floating vote to bring about his election. In a two-member electorate, a popular candidate may win a seat and carry his colleague, a machine man, in with him; but the latter is quite likely to be defeated by a popular opposition candidate, and, if of unsavoury reputation, may cause his popular colleague to lose many votes.

(2) In electorates where runaway victories are assured, the party may nominate machine men, irrespective of their political, business or moral reputation, with the certainty that they will be elected. But the reputation of candidates for safe seats cannot fail to have an appreciable influence on other electorates. It is of little use, for example, for the Conservative candidate in a closely contested electorate, or even for the leader of the party, to declare that Protection is not a part of the Conservative policy, if it should be seen that almost every Conservative candidate for a safe seat is an avowed Protectionist. Those electors not wedded to the party will be suspicious, and seats will be lost that might otherwise have been held, with the result, perhaps, of the party being heavily defeated.

But under a system of proportional representation such safeguards disappear. Each party knows beforehand how many seats it can rely on in each electorate, and may act accordingly. In a five-seat constituency where it can count on winning two seats, and hopes for three, it may nominate five candidates—two machine men and three enjoying local popularity. The voting ticket, issued only a day or two before the election, puts the machine men as 1 and 2, and the others as 3, 4, and 5. Theoretically, this is of no importance, as every elector may vote as he chooses. Actually, with some 80 per cent. of supporters following the party ticket, it is evident that Candidate No. 1 will receive well over his quota of votes, and will be duly elected, and that his surplus votes, transferred to No. 2, will probably be

enough to secure his election as well. Then, with these two unpopular candidates out of the way, and two opposition candidates elected as well, the struggle for the fifth seat will arise; and here the popularity of the remaining candidates will secure them votes which would never have been given to the unpopular men, and the presence in the field of machine candidates will have little baneful effect, if any. Indeed, it may have a directly beneficial effect, in that many floating voters may be induced to give an early vote to Nos. 3, 4, and 5 of that party, and relegate Nos. 1 and 2 to the very bottom, with the idea of indicating their abhorrence of the party machine.

It is in the limited quota necessary to secure election under the method of proportional representation rather than in the manner of marking voting papers that the danger lies. On the block-vote method of the South Australian elections, the party machine may definitely ensure that a majority of its candidates returned shall be machine men, but only at the risk of losing the election. For, if No. 1 of the party ticket is unpopular in a closely-contested electorate, it is possible that all seats in that electorate will be lost, since the popularity of candidates Nos. 2 and 3 on the party ticket can have no influence until after No. 1 has been elected; and No. 1, in a closely-contested fight on the block system, will not secure election without support from enough of the floating vote.

It takes but little calculation to show how paramount becomes the influence of the party machine under a system of proportional representation, provided it can rely on a blind following of the party ticket by a reasonable proportion of its adherents. Consider again a five-member electorate, where 45 per cent. of the voters are adherents of the party in question. The quota for election is 16·7 per cent. of the votes cast. It requires but 167 voters out of every 450 nominal adherents of the party—that is 37½ per cent.—to vote according to the ticket to enable the party to dictate to the electorate its first representative. It requires only twice this number, or 75 per cent. of the party, to vote according to ticket to secure a second machine man's return. And nothing the thinking voters of the party can do will prevent this result.

In view of the endeavours of the Communist movement to "white-ant" Labour, and secure a power in the party machine far out of proportion to its numerical

strength, this seems to be a very real and serious danger of proportional representation. For consider how markedly such a system, if adopted in Great Britain, would play into the Communists' hands. Let it be assumed that a minority Labour Government, such as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's, has ruled England well and carefully to the extent of its ability, keeping the doctrine of "Socialism in our Time" well in the background, with the object of securing an absolute majority at the next election. The Communists realize that this absolute majority of Labour in the House is essential to their aims, as well as control of the Labour Party; and, though they have succeeded, let it be assumed, in their tactics to gain control of the party machine, they are wise enough to keep out of the limelight to a large extent, and restrict their public activities so as to make it appear that they are violently opposed to the Labour Government, and the Government to them. Then, with the approach of the next election, Labour candidates are elected in each electorate by a local election committee, free from Communist domination. For a five-member electorate, where three seats are hoped for, it is proposed to run four candidates, and four moderate Labour men are nominated. At once the local "left wing" members of the party complain bitterly that their views are being ignored, and threaten to oppose Labour with all their power, and the selection committee decides, in order to avoid a split, to run six Labour candidates—the four moderates already nominated and two "reds" to be nominated by the left-wing faction, this being in accordance with the recognized principles of proportional representation that the candidates put forward by a party may be more than the number of seats available, and that all views within the folds of a party should be represented in its candidates, "in order that the real views of the electorate may be ascertained." This procedure is followed throughout the country. At election meetings, the moderate men do most of the talking, expounding their moderate views, expressing their detestation of Bolshevism, and ridiculing the idea that Communism has any appreciable influence on Labour thought. The Communistic candidates meanwhile are less in evidence on the official Labour platform, confining their activities largely to the rank and file of factory hands, to the unemployed, and the local substi-

tute for Hyde Park. Then, only a day or two before the polling, Labour voting tickets are issued by the party machine, and, owing to the control of this that the Communists have obtained, every ticket puts their men as 1 and 2 on the list, the moderates as 3, 4, 5, and 6.

With the issue of these tickets the cat is partly out of the bag, but not to a serious extent. In each electorate the moderates realize that they have been fooled, but not that the fooling is nation-wide. Conservatives and Liberals who have preached the Communist menace may realize that the danger they have predicted is imminent, but it is too late to influence many votes. Thus, with some 75 or 80 per cent. of Labour supporters voting according to ticket, the Communists will secure practically every safe Labour seat throughout the land, and moderate Labour men may be expected to win a fair number of the seats in doubt. Hence, if Labour should secure the majority in the House for which it has worked, the Communists will have an ample majority in the Labour caucus, and will be in absolute control of the policy of Labour.

This may read like a piece of sensational romance, but the possibility of action such as this seems very real in the event of the system of proportional representation with the single transferable vote being adopted in Great Britain. There seems no reason to believe that in South Australia, where adult suffrage has been in force for many years, the average elector is less intelligent or more independent than in Great Britain, and, though it must be reiterated that the recent elections were not upon the system of proportional representation, yet the method of marking ballot papers was by numerals, as under that system. If the figures of these elections can be taken as any criterion, it can hardly be gainsaid that, given adult suffrage and proportional representation, the party machine, by reserving to itself the right to issue the official party voting ticket in each electorate, can dictate to the country, unknown to anyone outside its own small clique until the very eve of the election, the occupant of almost every safe party seat throughout the length and breadth of the land. And with five-member electorates, the safe seats for the two major parties will probably average nearly two to every electorate.

"Genuinely Seeking Work"

By Trade Unionist

ALTHOUGH the phrase "genuinely seeking work" has of late become almost a familiar quotation, it is by no means a new combination of words. In the dark days following the slump of 1920, when unemployment benefit, covenanted and uncovenanted, was so liberally disbursed, to be genuinely seeking work was, in actual practice, the only condition of entitlement to benefit, but it was not difficult to persuade the Exchange officials that one was fulfilling the condition. Claimants for benefit, standard or extended, always had the benefit of the doubt when appearing before the Rota Committees. I speak from experience. I was a victim of the slump, and for three and a half years continuously I sought work, more or less genuinely. There were many cases of abuse. Through lack of co-ordination between the Employment Exchanges, Boards of Guardians and the various ex-Service and other charitable organizations that were established to cope with the abnormal distress, it was quite easy to obtain something from each simultaneously. The period was a perfect El Dorado for glib-tongued scroungers with a pronounced disinclination for useful work, and many a man has drawn full State unemployment benefit, the full scale of relief from the Guardians, and relief in money or kind from one or more of the other relief bodies—all in the same week. They boasted that they were never so well off in their lives. Relief in kind—both food and clothes—and food tickets were openly sold, the proceeds usually being spent in "genuinely seeking work" in the local taverns and cinemas, in horse-racing and football. Instances were not unknown of employed persons obtaining relief.

Such a condition of things could not last. The abuses became so blatant that prosecutions were instituted, co-ordination was established between the different bodies, and it was no longer possible, except in isolated cases, for anyone to get more than a fixed scale of relief. The conditions governing State benefit were made more stringent. Uncovenanted benefit was superseded by extended benefit. Standard benefit was usually granted without question, unless the claimant lost his job through misconduct, and the Insurance Officer of the Local

Exchange had power to grant the first twelve weeks' extended benefit if satisfied with the *bona fides* of the claimant. When that was exhausted, the case came before the Rota Committees, and the claimant had to satisfy certain conditions, principally the one of genuinely seeking work. But in those days the Rota Committees were very generous. I know, because I was elected to a Rota Committee after I had obtained work, and adjudicated on hundreds of cases.

During the following five years the machinery of administration was still further tightened up and more stringent conditions imposed, making it increasingly difficult to obtain unemployment benefit.

Fierce Parliamentary fights have been waged over the correct interpretation of "genuinely seeking work," centring round the fourth statutory condition. It was admitted by the Industrial Transference Board, in its report issued in 1928, that

> the body of unemployed is not a standing army of vagrants and loafers, but a number of genuine industrial workers whose composition is constantly changing. There are, of course, workshies among them, as there are in every section of society and in every country; but for the most part the unemployed are, at any time, a fair sample of the whole industrial people of this country.

That statement was seized upon by the left wing of the Labour Party, with the result that the fourth statutory condition was so amended that the onus of proving that a man is not genuinely seeking work has been transferred from the individual to the Employment Exchange, and the definite refusal of a specific offer of suitable employment from Exchange officials must be the only "not genuinely seeking work" ground on which a claimant may be refused benefit.

The theory that the only true test is the refusal or acceptance of a definite offer of employment is, as an abstract principle, unassailable, but when we try to apply the theory to things as they are, the road is found to be "beset with pitfall and with gin."

Anyone who has had experience of the administration of the Act knows that workers in the eighteens and early twenties are the greatest problem—young men who have drifted into blind-alley occupations on leaving school and have never had a chance to learn a trade—general labourers, porters, junior clerks and the like. They are

not necessarily workshies or loafers, although many drift that way. The great majority would willingly accept work if it were found for them, but most of them still have their feet under the parental table, and whilst they may be on the look-out for a job, there is little incentive to make serious efforts to obtain one. They have no need to worry about food and shelter, and big-hearted mother generally sees to it that her boy does not go short of clothes. The few shillings left after paying mother, together with what he may be able to get through "fiddling," provide him with cigarettes and other incidentals dear to the heart of irresponsible youth. So, after touring the factories for a week or so, the lad relaxes efforts and lapses into a "fed-up-with-looking" frame of mind.

Look around any Employment Exchange and you will see scores of strong, healthy lads aimlessly wandering about, anxiously peering down the daily list of vacancies, besieging the vacancy officer, or laughing and chatting in groups. Some have that dull look of hopeless despair in their eyes, others the mien of devil-may-care defiance—all are potential parents of the future generation. Whilst these lads were under an obligation to prove that they were really looking for a job, there was always the chance that the evidence was true, and that they would eventually get work. I had ample evidence of that whilst on the Rota Committee. The older members told me that the only way to make these lads bestir themselves was to suspend benefit. At first I pooh-poohed the advice as preposterous, but I soon discovered that my colleagues were right. When we suspended benefit for a month, most of them found a job before the month was up.

One may admit that, being victims of a system, they are not responsible—indeed, one may even justify their action—but what will be the effect on the men themselves and the future generation? Mr. George Lansbury said recently:—

> To me it is one of the most terrible tragedies that young men and young women should be able for years of their lives to live on a sort of public allowance. It does not allow their individual development, but crushes it.

Yes! And it seems that we are increasing the numbers of those who "for years of their lives" are

living " on a sort of public allowance." We are breeding a race of State-maintained unemployed, who, whilst they can " scrounge " some sort of a livelihood, have no incentive to get work. There are so many ways whereby they can earn a pound or so without the knowledge of the Exchange officials, and still draw State benefit. Many of them marry, the wife remaining at work until baby comes along, the maternity benefit being very useful for this event. I know of a young couple who have been in receipt of State benefit and Guardians' relief ever since they married three years ago. They now have three children . . . ! Now, I have not the slightest doubt that this man would accept work, *if it were found for him,* but is the State to continue to maintain him and whatever children he brings into the world, without compelling him to genuinely seek work, until the unemployment problem is solved?

Then there are cases of men in the fifties whose children are grown up and are holding fairly good positions. The money mother receives from them enables her to carry on, and whilst the father can draw twenty-six shillings' benefit, which keeps him in beer and 'bacca, well, he's not going to bother a great deal unless and until someone finds him a job. Another section is that composed of younger men whose wives earn a fairly good salary. Say they get fifty shillings a week, and there are plenty, with the seventeen shillings the husband draws in benefit, who are able to rub along quite comfortably.

It may be perfectly true that, generally speaking, the personnel of the body of unemployed is constantly changing, but it is none the less true that there is growing up a body of permanently unemployed—and they are being encouraged by the State.

The conditions resulting from the present social system are often deplorable. The Health and Unemployment Insurance Acts are admirable institutions. It is right that the Guardians of the Poor should render adequate assistance to those in real distress. But it is not good for the State, the individual or for future generations that people should be allowed to pass years of their lives on some sort of public charity, without being obliged to prove that they are " genuinely seeking work."

The Illusion of Progress

A letter from a cosmopolitan observer, resident in Paris, to a friend in New York.

MY DEAR ———,

I have studied the situation in many countries, and it seems to me that the work which has been proceeding since the war for the appeasement of political and social strife and the establishment of economic equilibrium has not in one single instance attained its object. In most cases the result is a pitiable compromise between advanced ideas and imperative claims; the former are impracticable, and the satisfaction of the latter, in their present form and under existing conditions, could lead to nothing further than temporary individual consolation. In fact, what purport to be remedies for the world's distemper are merely palliatives, satisfying momentarily the sublime hopefulness of the thinkers and the greed of those who want their vested rights upheld.

As I see things, the world is completely in regression and drifting with ever-increasing speed towards a cataclysm in comparison with which the world-war will appear a mere scuffle.

This, I think, is due to the discrepancy between the actual state of the world's progress and the ideas of that progress entertained by humanity. The scientific and technical advances achieved are so spectacular that they blind the public to the retrogression in actual world-conditions of life. For instance, it is useless to talk about the regression of the world to a man seated in a luxurious armchair in his sitting-room in the Savoy Hotel in London, talking to his wife in Florida; or a man enjoying his breakfast while being luxuriously swept through the air in a fast 'plane from Croydon to Berlin; or to a woman who, comfortably seated in a dark hall in Europe or America, can see her husband walking across a familiar square in Melbourne to unveil a statue, and hear his voice as he addresses the crowd. But what actual benefit does this form of inventive scientific progress confer upon the huge majority of dwellers even

in the great centres of civilization, let alone upon the mass of human beings?

The educational possibilities of the cinema are available to very few, since the cinema has to be a paying proposition, therefore a popular one, which must consult popular taste. In the overwhelming majority of pictures the subjects are romance, comedy or adventure. The real benefit of the cinema, in its services to every branch of science and medicine, is reserved for the few.

The same applies to the technical development of transport. It is, no doubt, mathematically correct, in relation to mere time, to represent our planet as having shrunk in the proportion of a football to a walnut. Indeed, in view of the progress of telegraphy and telephony, one might almost say that it has shrunk from a universe to a grain of dust, time and distance having been practically annihilated. Two men at the farthest spots of the globe from each other can talk together as quickly and clearly as if they were both at the same table. But are these forms of progress accompanied by any real move in the right direction? I think not. They might be most useful instruments of that movement, but I doubt its existence. They annihilate space and distance and time, but the world is busy working in exactly the opposite direction. These inventions succeed and seem miraculous, and are easily confounded with an advance in civilization, because they obey the physical laws of nature which govern them. Technical science must practise that obedience without which a 'plane will never rise, a ship will never float, and a wireless message will be lost in the ether. The slightest disobedience to these laws is instantly and unrelentingly reprimanded. In human thought, however, which governs the destinies of mankind, errors of judgment or wanton deviations are not punished with the same promptness. Mistakes may be, and are, made, with apparent impunity in economics and politics, the two ruling departments of human thought. They depend for their power upon following a system which can command, whether by tradition, prejudice or interest, the support of a sufficient number of people. When such a system meets a stronger one, it collapses and makes

way for the other. It is in this domain that we can judge of the actual progress or regression of mankind.

In the technical domain we have constant progress, exactitude and efficiency. In politics and economics, I see nothing but regression. Take the use they are making of the technical inventions just considered. Half a century ago it was not possible to fly to China, but many people travelled there in pursuance of solid interests, and did so without danger to life or property. To-day one could fly there in as many days as it took weeks before, but the state of China has made it almost as inaccessible as the moon. Before the war it took five days to reach Moscow, and tens of thousands of people went to and fro on business. To-day one can get there by air in little over a day, but it takes an average of two months for a Russian citizen to obtain permission to land in London, and about six months for a Briton to get authority to go to Moscow. And even thus, these are privileges, reserved for the few. For the others the distance is as long as the conception of a straight line in geometry. For Lindberg the distance from New York to Paris was a matter of hours; for those who desire to go and work in the U.S.A. it is now, owing to the quota and other regulations, a question of two years and more, as against ten to fifteen days twenty years ago.

In Europe it is the same. Before the war all that was required, in order to travel to any country, was a ticket. Even a passport was only necessary for Russia. To-day, except for flying visits, all countries have closed their doors to foreigners, save those who avowedly have no other purpose in entering the country than to spend their money there. Central and Eastern Europe, owing to the bad economic conditions, is more distant from the point of view of intercourse than was Siberia before the war.

So much for the use that is being made by politicians and economists of progress in what one may call the spectacular side of transport and communication.

If one listens to political gabble, one might suppose that all the nations are really sitting down to play a pleasant game of Happy Families at Geneva. But if one takes facts, instead of illusions, one sees the U.S.A.

retiring behind higher tariff walls; Great Britain attempting to entrench herself within the borders of Imperial Free Trade; and M. Briand making frantic efforts to establish the Economic Federation of Continental States.

These are the salient features of the world-situation to-day; and they all tend to contraction, when what is wanted is expansion. What can this be called but regression?

There is endless talk about humanitarian principles, brotherly love, peace and the rest of it. Do you not find this talk abominably hypocritical when contrasted with the actual state of affairs it has, if not produced, at any rate shown itself incapable of improving? Humanitarian principles are supposed to be at the helm, but they defeat themselves by the fact that at the present stage of development in human nature they are too weak to maintain that minimum of order necessary to keep the ship within the safety-line of equilibrium. An allegorical painter might reasonably represent the state of that ship just now by showing Justice on the bridge, but preoccupied by the elaboration of modern ideas as to right and wrong, and Logic at the helm, gazing vacantly at the proceedings, while the storm-gods of Hypocrisy and Regression laugh triumphantly from clouds and waves.

The more startling and spectacular results of scientific and technical advance do not, for these reasons, seem to me capable of exerting immediate beneficial influence on human affairs.

It is not the same with machinery. The continuous progress of productive efficiency, leading to a corresponding decline in the demand for manual labour, has created a new order of things. At the beginning, being confined to a limited number of manufacturers and only a few branches of industry, it found scope within the existent economic system in relation to employer and worker alike. The wider application of machinery to production has altered this state of affairs. One of the first effects of progress in this line has been the raising of the standard of living. But healthy purchasing power has to be balanced by a corresponding earning capacity. How is this to be done when mass production is con-

tinually decreasing the demand for manual labour, and increasing the necessity of greater consumption? This obvious antagonism has, I believe, produced a situation of the most serious kind.

The expansion of a country's purchasing power by the system of deferred payments, which is not ordinary commercial credit, is artificial. Advances by the State to farmers against grain surpluses and doles for the increasing numbers of unemployed are also artificial, and, in my opinion, dangerous palliatives. They may afford temporary relief, but in the long run they merely aggravate the situation by stimulating it. The political effect of the growing application of machinery to production is enormous. The working masses are becoming daily more indispensable as consumers and less necessary as producers. They are solicited by attractive advertisements and persuasive travellers; they are encouraged by ever-easier systems of deferred payments. While their increasing desire for these comforts and pleasures is met by increasing purchasing power, this is distinct progress. But what will happen when the point is reached when they are left with the new desires and new standards, but without the means to satisfy them?

The Alpha and Omega of human happiness lie in securing the prosperity of the manufacturing and agricultural industries and of their distributing medium, Commerce. Finance is a powerful guide and stimulant to human activity, but it has acquired an independence and a right of patronage which, if not judiciously exercised, economic laws can no longer tolerate. When it concentrates too selfishly on its own immediate interests, instead of on general economic requirements, it becomes a dangerous parasite, which first stops the flow of blood in the body on which it feeds and is then bound to die itself for want of nourishment. This image may not yet be justified, but that finance has not used its powers to the best advantage is proved by the present situation. If finance is to influence politics, as it does, and to advance rigid claims to open interference and the right to co-operation in such matters as war-settlements, then finance cannot disclaim responsibility for the result.

Theories about cycles of depression and prosperity

and talk about the necessity for paying for the losses of the war cannot alter economic conditions, though they may pacify public opinion for the moment. If we consider the often obstructive rigidity of finance in the matter of raising the purchasing power of foreign markets and compare it with the lavish losses of fortune on the Stock Exchanges (and this at a time of increasing economic depression), we cannot help feeling that the higher interests of the State and the people are not sufficiently protected.

Everybody knows, of course, that the economic crisis is not confined to any one country; and that there is political instability in Germany, Poland, Austria, Italy, Spain, Roumania, and even in Great Britain. But there knowledge ends. Our enlightened generation, which is told by the newspapers what its own opinion is, is always ready to accept outward phenomena as being both cause and effect. And it thinks that the answer to the present problem is to be found, complete, simple and satisfying, in party antagonism. Few seem desirous of discovering the deeper causes. The more discerning may come to the conclusion that economic depression lies beneath, but hardly anyone ventures further. The ordinary man is content to believe that the war-cost is being liquidated and eternal peace organized.

That is, indeed, a consoling thought! The debtor countries are in rags and unable to purchase; in the creditor countries industry is declining and unemployment is growing for want of custom; but never mind, the good work is being done; new and more efficient plans for the collection of debts are being instituted. The far-sighted optimist who scorns present difficulties as mere transitory effects of the war talks of water finding its level; he forgets that it does that even when the level rises, inundating fertile plains and causing death and suffering.

Even such a Conservative as Lord Birkenhead foresaw in the comparatively not distant future a state of affairs not altogether unlike that predicted by the holders of very advanced views. But he appeared to think it would be brought about by peaceful evolution. The growing disparity between the various factors and the

revolutionary ideas which have organized an armed camp in Russia make peaceful evolution very problematical. In any case, it seems to me certain that to secure peaceful evolution requires greater knowledge of, and obedience to, natural laws than that displayed by the present governing classes. Many civilizations have disappeared after, perhaps as a result of, disproportionate development.

If Communism is madness, it is at any rate methodical and scientific madness compared with the muddle that opposes it. The world's attitude towards Russia is, indeed, very puzzling; I am perplexed by such men as Thomas Campbell.* I do not doubt the sincerity of the statements I heard him make in London eighteen months ago; but if his facts are correct, the situation he described should make him gloomy rather than enthusiastic. He was appealing for closer relations between his countrymen and the Soviets; but does he foresee what will come to pass if the great grain factories of Russia are as successful as he believes? Before the war, Russia, in spite of the primitive methods employed in agriculture, exported nearly twice as much grain as the U.S.A. and Canada combined. Since the war, she has exported next to nothing, and yet there are large unsaleable surpluses in Canada, the U.S.A. and the Argentine. If the Soviet agricultural plan succeeds, as Campbell expects it will, Russia will very shortly be exporting very much more grain than she did before the war. What will be the effect on the rural populations of this enormous excess production?

Moreover, the Soviets are pushing not only agricultural products, but raw materials and manufactures. The dumping of goods at absurdly low prices on foreign markets is, particularly under existing world conditions, the most terrible weapon Communism has yet used against our civilization. It is grossly hypocritical and weak to talk about Communist propaganda while tolerating, even encouraging, conditions that produce such a weapon.

* The largest individual farmer in America. Farms 100,000 acres by mechanical methods. Was invited by the American Goverment to visit Russia and advise on the organization of State farms.

Tariffs in the U.S.A. are raised to exclude goods coming from capitalist countries. Internal economic considerations are ample justification for that measure of defence. But there are hesitations and difficulties about an embargo on Soviet goods, although they are able to break through the tariff walls and cause still greater damage. And this, notwithstanding the fact that the U.S.A. is bound by no treaty or pledge. It is said that Soviet goods must be absolutely proved to be the product of slave-labour. Obviously in "free" Soviet Russia the term "slavery" cannot be established officially. It appears sublime to the just and generous modern mind to be "sacrificed for the cause of liberty"; otherwise the Soviet system, without any deeper investigation, affords all the necessary evidence of the existence of slavery. The worker has no right to strike, and, if he is not working, he may buy no food. New laws can be, and are, decreed, imposing the penalty of hard labour upon acts which it is impossible to avoid committing; starving men and women will freely consent to work for a piece of bread and a cup of water, but this is, I suppose, not slavery.

The Soviets are now dumping timber all over Europe, and it is only a secret to those who deliberately keep their eyes shut that this export is maintained by hundreds of thousands of peasants exiled for resisting the forced communization of their lands. The difficulty which seems to be experienced in obtaining evidence that Soviet goods are the product of "slave-labour" makes one question the meaning of that word. Nobody, I think, has yet gone so far as to suggest that the Soviet worker is a free agent. The question of freedom does not come, therefore, into consideration; it can be only a matter of what the worker gets for his labour; even slaves are fed. It should not be very difficult to establish this. If we are to assume, indeed, that anthracite can be carried all the way from Russia to Canada and the U.S.A., be sold there below market prices, and still leave a margin of profit to secure for the Russian worker a satisfactory standard of living, it is indeed time that the whole world adopted Stalin's principles.

As you know, I do not believe in the ultimate triumph

of Communism; but I think that the ignorant and weak policy of the capitalist world is bolstering it up so well that it will last long enough to do irremediable harm.

Furthermore, both Conservatives and Liberals seem to forget that beneath the Soviet there is Russia. Russia is a great political and economic unit, and though the Russian people may be groaning under the unbearable weight of the present regime, it is growing, changing and developing. When it has thrown off the yoke of Communism, Russia will be there, a powerful and dangerous fact. What matters to Russia and those countries which are less favoured by post-war arrangements the power of the whole League of Nations and all the Pacts and Agreements signed, compared with that of an offensive agreement among themselves?

In my view, a new and independent factor must be introduced into world-affairs. That will be the factor provided by industry—the basis of human prosperity. Modern industry cannot confine itself to looking for ready outlets for its goods, nor content itself with the influence it has on politics through the voting system. It cannot entrust itself entirely to the care of financiers and politicians; it must seek to establish a more natural and direct method of securing scope for its activity and expansion. Its interests are the highest interests in the State and in civilization.

Ever yours,
X.

An Outbreak of Peace

By Pat

An alarming streak of outer light has made a bright spot in the Irish Free State. It is still small, but big enough to disturb the statesmen, and it grows. A little over a year ago the Editor of the *Mayo News* startled his readers by sending a man to interview me, a suspected Imperialist.

The questions were numerous, but they can be reduced to two:

"Is the Free State going down?" and
"Can you suggest anything to lift her up?"

Yes, the Free State was going down, all except the few who pocketed the £15,000,000 a year added to over-taxation. Any nation must go down that paid twenty-four millions of good money for twelve millions' worth of bad government. To lift her up, I suggested, "If you could persuade the people of the Free State to permit each other to live in Ireland, etc."

On the strength of my absurdly modest contribution, I found in less than a fortnight that I had unconsciously entered on a political career, and now I am a candidate for the Dublin Parliament, unanimously selected, with nothing to back me but my rather irrelevant habit of speaking the truth, in the same way publicly as in private. Has anybody ever been elected to any Parliament on such a policy?

Yes, I could suggest many things to lift up the Free State, but none so long as four-fifths of the people remain incapable of electing one man of their own to the Parliament. No Democracy could hope to survive virtual disfranchisement on such a scale. The passive suppression of this farming majority proved them unfit for self-government, and in the conditions of the disease the sole cure was the suppression of the Free State itself.

The interview appeared, in a region of small farmers, and they ran for the *Mayo News*, which was sold out in a few hours. A representative Committee came out of the discussions by the fireside to found an organization of farmers in self-defence. They reproduced the interview in a pamphlet, and it paid for itself in the market, unlike the propaganda of any other party, which has to be subsidized. They held public meetings, first in their own county and then outside. They have been admirably reported, and the result is the new Land League, now

admitted by its enemies to be by far the biggest organization in the region for fifty years. In less than a year all this has been done, by the small farmers themselves, where they had never known better than "voting against each other for our enemies instead of voting together for ourselves."

From the start they refused to be patronized by "great men," and decided that, "to be permanent, we must be self-dependent and raise our leaders from our own ranks." It is "class consciousness," but the class constitutes more than eighty per cent. of the people. They have discovered born orators, and the best of these is Mr. Patrick Cunane, a man of five acres, who "has never been to school but for nine days." His friends attribute his intelligence to his escape from Irish "education."

The Land League starts on high ground: "This time, to be a constructive force, to instruct the farming majority in their own interests, to fit them for the place properly due to their economic importance in the State, to cultivate public order as a first necessity of social health and to defend the Constitution, especially against the Government, who are its greatest enemies . . . To educate public opinion, and not merely to organize ignorance for electioneering . . ." In reference to the schools: "The pigs of Ireland are always worth keeping in their own country. Why not the people? The pigs have no system of primary education." This is the same system which Mr. Birrell called "repulsive" and which he tried to reform until he found "lions in the way," but it is much worse now than it was in Mr. Birrell's time. Education and liberty are the two interests of life that have fallen lowest as a result of "Our National Freedom," and while the level of these goes down, it is obviously impossible for the level of life in general to go up.

From one point of view, the invention of the Irish Free State is a big success. It keeps England's enemies in Ireland destroying each other, at their own expense and without injury to the Imperial prestige. The drawback is that so many who are not England's enemies must suffer with the rest. There are more than half a million of these in the Free State, and I cannot but fear that England's betrayal of them must injure her, in her own self-respect, if not in any worse way.

One result of the Land League is specially remarkable. Its own particular region was officially known as " one of the worst in the whole country for undetected crime." Agrarian burglaries were common. Masked men held up peaceful people on the public roads. Defenceless women were raided and robbed in the night. Poor people handed up their last penny to save their lives. Public houses in remote villages were looted at will, and bottles of whiskey could be gathered out of the hedges next morning. The police were practically helpless, though doubled in number and much more than doubled in cost. That was the state of " society " down to the day the League started, and now this is one of the most crimeless districts in Europe. There is nothing to account for the change but the enlightened courage of a popular organization, the first ever founded in Ireland to defend the constructive virtues against the destructive vices. I am naturally proud of my part in this precedent, and my candidature for the Parliament is a small matter in comparison.

I stand for South Mayo, the cradle of revolution and rebellion. The Land Leaguers have appointed me to the post of honour, but it is the post of danger. Two of my opponents are the Minister for " Justice " and the leader of the Labour Party. Both are practised politicians, and I have never touched party politics before. My " speeches " are mere lectures, more than half directed against my own supporters, and never so much as a sentence conceived merely for " loud and long continued cheers." I remain as I began, merely a student, but the newspapers report me to the extent of four columns(!) while they limit the " great men " to half a column. If the newspaper sense of relative values is right, I must be elected, and the " great men " certainly grow uneasy. In the year since we started they have delivered more speeches in the region than during the previous eight years. The Labour leader has lately been heard here at length, but under my protection. I can have no part in preventing liberty of expression, even when it attacks me.

The Minister for " Justice " is Mr. Fitzgerald-Kenny, and a more awkward kind of opponent I could not have. A lawyer by profession, he is the official exponent of the law, and the chief law-breaker in the Free State at the present time. As the law stands now, under his direction, he can lock me up without giving reasons, keep me in

jail until the election is over, and then let me go " without a stain on my character," except that I belong to a country where he is Minister for " Justice." The nominal right of the judges to demand either my release or my indictment is constitutional, but a charge can easily be invented, and withdrawn after polling day.

" Habeas Corpus " is in the Constitution but—not in the Government. During the past year we have seen a succession of complainants get damages in the High Court for these illegal imprisonments, ordered or sanctioned by Mr. Fitzgerald-Kenny, but the arrests and " detentions " continue. In some cases a man is arrested several times a week, and a policeman explains to his prisoner that he has orders to " arrest you every time I meet you." The number so arrested is now quite large, and I do not believe there is one among them who has broken the law as often as the Minister has violated the Constitution to imprison them. Under British rule, they frankly announced the suspension of " Habeas Corpus " when required, but now they let the law stand and defeat it by official dodgery. If these methods are necessary, it says little for the stability of the Free State, and if they are not necessary, it says less for Mr. Fitzgerald-Kenny, who, as a lawyer, must know that the Constitution is supposed to stand against all enactments and practices to the contrary.

The Labour leader is comparatively harmless, but interesting as the head of a party that propose to confiscate the farmers' property and ask for their votes to assist in doing it. They never say the word " Socialism," but they resolve unanimously for " State ownership and control of the means of production and distribution." For a British parallel, imagine Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or, better still, one of his Communist " rebels," elected at the head of the poll by a constituency ninety-five per cent. land-owners. I have heard farmers here interpreting " State ownership and control, etc." to mean that the Government will do all their work for them on the farms, free of charge, and let them take all the produce. It would be far more attractive than the present arrangement, which requires the farmer to do all the work and takes nearly all the produce in over-taxation.

Such are the facts that lead all the parties in the Free State to take the farmer for a fool and to shape their policies on that presumption, but the Land League

disturbs the customary calculation this time, with its novel menace of an appeal to the eighty per cent., hitherto silent. The native Irish, and especially the native agrarians, never have been a Parliamentary people. I can find no trace of any such institutions in their history at any time. By their own choice, they persisted in their tribal communism for at least two centuries after Western Europe generally had outgrown that system, and this alone made their subjection a necessity. When at last, in the sixteenth century, they were dragged out of their tribal bondage, it was only to substitute another sort of slavery, which continues to this day, and still by their own choice. Their loyalties are still personal, their patriotism still parochial, combining historical old age with political infancy.

Alone in the Free State, the Land League stands for an effort to grow them up into a real nation, conscious of their duties to the State and of the obligations of the State in return. The chieftaincies are gone, but the tribal unit remains now, under the name of " the parish," quite as much opposed to nationality and the State as was the tribal dominion of The O'Neil, The O'Brien or The O'Connor before the first Anglo-Norman invader set foot on Irish soil in 1168–72. All through these centuries a Parliamentary status has existed in Ireland, but not of it, and even while the area of conquest remained a very small fraction of the island, there never was a serious attempt for native union in defence of common nationality, Parliamentary or otherwise. In the Free State Constitution we have now at least the machinery for national reunion, and if we direct it as we ought, we can count on Ulster " joining up " again as part of an ancient nation that can be vastly more free, vastly more great, and even more national, in the British Empire than out of it. But Ulster can never " join up " while eighty per cent. of the Free Staters prefer self-disfranchisement to freedom and parochialism to nationality.

The most hopeful thing that I have discovered in the Free State is a change in thought and feeling, still silent, waiting for statesmen to make reputations out of it. We find it in such expressions as this: " Why does our national freedom reduce our liberty and increase our poverty? " The cause cannot be " British rule " now.

Then, what? The people begin to look into themselves for the answer, and the inquiry cools the hatred of England. Their knowledge of themselves makes them more just to their neighbours. This is the way back into the Empire, in spirit as well as by treaty, and having got there, they must see that, by reason and necessity alike, the Imperial nexus affords our last hope to see Ireland a united nation again. As an Imperial constituent, she may rise to any destiny; as anything else, she remains nothing more than the raw material of civilization.

At a great meeting last summer, I took the evident risk of telling them: "I believe that nine-tenths of you at this moment are wishing to God you were back again under British rule, but . . ." Before I could finish the sentence, two of my principal supporters jumped off the platform, expecting a riot, but at the sound of the applause they came back again. Such is the change in thought and feeling, but it remains mute, because the politicians lack courage and vision. On another occasion, discussing the republican cult of hate and fight, I said: "No nation has ever prospered on a policy of permanent war, and we have recently seen four great empires perish by it . . . I have at home a fine little dog, one of my few valued possessions that remain from the malice of the recent fire. Would I keep doggie all his life and everyday fighting a dog twenty times his own size, and if not, how can I recommend for my country a policy not good enough for my dog?" Even Republicanism smiled consent.

Though we have put down crime in general, the crimes against me in particular have increased since the Land League became strong. Last Summer my library was burnt out, about £450, and much of the material was of a kind that cannot be replaced for any money. Nobody doubts the malice, but, if I lodged a claim for malicious injury, I should stand in the position of making speeches to reduce taxation and at the same time increasing taxation to put public money in my own pocket. Could the Land League survive that? I can ill afford the loss in money, but the Free State could still less afford the loss of the Land League.

The real Government of the Free State in our region

now is the Land League, free of charge to the taxpayer and supported solely by our subscription of one shilling a year, paid at convenience and sometimes not paid at all. Two police barracks in our district cost about £40 a week, mainly waste. Nearly all are farmers, and the net profit on all their farming is certainly less than the police bill. The cost of policing a like population in rural England would not be more than £5 a week, where the taxable capacity is at least twenty times as much.

Our success as policemen has led to another result, and I have been commissioned to prepare a plan of police service for the county as a whole: based on the experience of the Land Leaguers. The main idea is a body of volunteer policemen, with a small number of paid sergeants to direct activities and control technique. When the plan is complete, it will be submitted to the Government, who will probably refuse it, but we shall have Parliament to demand its adoption, so that, even if they refuse, we can turn them out. So far, I think we can provide a higher standard of public order for a third of the cost, and the total saved will be handed over in relief of local rates. The lower the crime, the lower the rates. I have already enlisted a number of volunteers who are prepared at any time to replace the present civic guards, so incompetent, so costly, and so unpopular.

The only serious risk is that gunmen may offer themselves for the service, but every parish knows its own gunmen, and the prospect of reducing the rates ought to keep them out. Besides, assuming they were all gunmen, the number needed for a single county could not be a serious danger to the State. The incompetent professionals will not welcome such a scheme, especially those displaced, but they can be placed elsewhere, simply by ceasing to recruit until openings arise for them in other and less fortunate counties.

I remember a period of about two years before the Treaty when the republicans organized a police system of their own, enlisting criminals to catch each other, which practically abolished crime, except the crime considered necessary to "National Freedom." They produced an unemployment problem among the lawyers, at least on the criminal side of the courts, for the general belief that they "could find out anything" left them

little or nothing to find out. Can we reconstruct that plan, minus the implicit menace to the State? Here is the best of all ways to derating, for which a Commission now inquires, but cannot find alternative revenue. We propose to find it, or most of it, by reducing crime.

When the Free State started, the Government could not find suitable "jobs" for all the efficient criminals claiming high places in the service of the State. A satisfactory record as a murderer might qualify for a Secretaryship of State, but such offices were necessarily limited, and the Government employed some of them to shoot the rest. Thousands of admirably trained criminals were let loose to defy the law and multiply the police bill, under a deep sense of ill-treatment as patriot martyrs for "the holy cause of Ireland." A vendetta continues now between themselves and the official police, reducing the standard of "peace" and increasing the stupidly high cost of it. There need be no such expensive ill-feeling between the bandit patriots and the volunteer force.

Another useful result of the Land League is its influence on the newspaper Press. The papers that report it sell out their increasing circulations every time, but the Government papers pretend to ignore it, and the London editors take their cue from the same source. The representative of a London paper cannot well afford to displease the Government, who can hinder his work in many ways, and he is too often in a post on the home Press which he might lose if he made himself disagreeable. *The Daily Express* is the only London paper that has printed any news of the new organization.

The Land League was formally founded on November 10, 1929. Since then off-shoots have started up in county after county, but while the need and purpose are the same everywhere, they adopt different names and confine their appeal to local areas—again indicating the tribal persistence against nationality and the State. The more of these local developments, the better, for if they prosper, they must in the end find common affiliation in a general executive and unification of policy. In the meantime, each unit is "A school of thought for the salvation of the farming majority," and no other part of the community stands to lose so much by disorder.

A Forgotten Frontier Force

By Mauser

THE remoter political aspect of why it should be that the North-West Frontier is in a blaze is, for the moment, beside the question. A matter of more imminent moment is the puzzle of how it should be that tribesmen, with neither horse, guns, bombs, or bayonets, without drill, organization, or a commissariat worth the name, should admittedly have been allowed recently to bring about at Peshawar a first-class military crisis unchecked except by such nerveless action as lost us a total of less than a score of casualties; a crisis, in fact, which immobilized behind the barbed wire and trenches of the *enceinte* a large and highly modernized British force of all arms, and for a fortnight held it in a condition indistinguishable from siege.

The answer lies in the astonishing enterprise, physical pluck, and effectiveness of the tribal rifleman. The boldness of his tactics, his almost uncanny skill in the use of ground every yard of which is known to him, and his unerring marksmanship, make him more than a match for the best troops; unless, by years of unremitting training under experts at the job, they have learnt the fighting methods of the clans, and can take them on, man to man, at their own game.

Up to the very beginning of the War, we held the tribal Frontier by means of a highly specialized force of horse, foot, and guns; the lineal descendants of the tribal hard-cases who, in the years before the Mutiny, had taken service with our Frontier Politicals. In those days, we seem to have had an unlimited supply of men of the stamp of John Nicholson, Edwardes, Hodson, Abbott, Sandeman, and a score of lesser paladins whose names have long been forgotten in England but whose memory lives in tribal tradition to this day. They attracted to their service an element to be found in all wild lands, those to whom adventure and hard knocks were a greater reward than the scanty pay and rations handed out at infrequent intervals. With these hard-bitten bands, who served them for the pure *izzat*, or prestige, of being of the service of "Nikhal Seyn" and men like him, our Soldier-Politicals held the Border. Their Levies, not a whit reluctant to fight their fellow-clansmen, by instant mobility, by raid and counter-raid, by sheer hard fighting,

drew an inviolable line between the desert of the crags and the sown of the plains.

After the Mutiny, the Levies were organized and expanded into a regular force under British officers, and known as the Punjab Frontier Force—the "Piffers," as we called them. They inherited the traditions and tactics of the "hired assassins" who had gone before them. Distributed in cantonments and, in many cases, isolated outposts from the Malakand in the north to Dera Ismail Khan in the south, their "movable columns" lived in a state of almost fire-brigade readiness. At a moment's notice, they took on the Tribes at their own game, in their own mountains, and smashed them how or where they would, by day or by night; and their patrols rode the Border, unhasting, unresting. Never were there such experts. To-day, they are no longer a terror to the Tribes. Their tactics, their traditions, their very name, have become a dwindling memory. The Wardens of the Marches are gone.

Now, it is worth considering how doctrinaires in High Places, and out of touch with realities, are allowed to ride inapplicable fads to death; and, in doing so, to sacrifice the hard and virile work of generations of their predecessors. When, in 1916, the Nations at war began to raise "storm-troops" with which to produce more instant results, we, who had skimmed the cream of the nation's manhood in the voluntary enlistments of the First Hundred Thousand and had lost them at Loos and on the Somme, set our face against selection lest what would remain over should be all but valueless. The Continental nations, conscripted from the outset, had kept a more level value throughout, and could afford to pick their gladiators. So the word went forth, in our Army—"No specialists!"; and, except for machine-gunners, the principle was accepted and rigidly applied. After the War, and with a complete disregard of the peculiar conditions of the Frontier, the principle was applied to our Border-troops. The Punjab Frontier Force was absorbed into the ruck of the Indian Army; its fixity of station and specialized employment were abolished; and, together with that incomparable band, the Corps of Guides, it vanished from human ken, and its lore perished with it. Nothing was set to replace it, except the bare theory that armoured cars and aeroplanes could do all that it had done, and do it better and more

cheaply. To-day, we of the old regime, who have spent our working lives in holding the Frontier, have the bitter, though quite ineffectual, reward of throwing down the day's paper, sitting back in our chairs, and saying, "I told you so!"

The armoured cars, concentrated in one or two centres like Peshawar, are more of a danger to their personnel than to their enemy. Confined to the flat, or, at best to the easier foothills, they are helpless against tribesmen who, for choice, choose the crags as a battleground, and the deep nullahs which seam the plains as easy avenues of approach. Worse; so long as they are in motion, they are fairly safe; but, halted by mechanical defect or sudden obstacle for the incredibly short time that it takes a tribesman to seize an opportunity, they are a gift. One of them, not so long ago, held up for a moment in the narrow alleys of Peshawar City, was pounced upon by waiting Pathans; a three-rupee tin of bazaar kerosine oil was poured over it and touched off with a match, and, once more,

"... two thousand pounds' of education
Falls to a ten-rupee jezail."

The aeroplanes are in even worse case. Their targets are tribesmen who, clothed to assimilate to the exact colour of their background, and scattering in shapeless groups which have no clear outline either when halted or on the move, are all but indistinguishable at ground-level and quite invisible from a height. Tribal marksmanship makes close approach too risky for airmen, however gallant, faced with the probability of a forced landing on impossible crags and vividly conscious of a load of unexpended bombs on their under-carriage. At best, failing live targets, they can only bomb areas; and, more snug than in the deepest dug-outs of Flanders, in the caves of the hillsides and the deep and tangled watercourses the clansman adds security to invisibility. As a matter of cold fact, six thousand pounds of airbombs have utterly failed, in recent days, to prevent or even seriously to delay the advance on Peshawar of the Afridis, who have shown their contempt for modern mechanical inventions by practically besieging our cantonments at short range. The power of our air-arm against the only target that matters—the armed man himself—is, frankly, derisory.

The *ultima ratio* of reprisal on a raiding *lashkar*,

that of bombing to pieces the village whence it set out, is, in theory, our trump card. In practice, it is not only difficult but—as we are beginning to realize—inadvisable. Our airmen confess themselves unable effectively to bomb out entire Tirah, which, from its uncountable scattered villages, has disgorged the Afridi tribe who, to a man, have come out against us. And this is only one tribe of the many facing us. We are, furthermore, faced with the logical issue of rendering a tribe which—as our exiguous casualty list shows—we dare not meet man to man, implacably revengeful by making it homeless. The clans, living on the verge of starvation, have no hospitality to offer to homeless friends who, their fortified villages in ruins and their crops destroyed by the smashing of their carefully-nursed water-cuts and irrigation channels, would then have the clear alternative between starvation for themselves, their wives and children, or fighting to the death in the effort to dispossess us of our villages in the plains. By any standard, the thing is unthinkable. To realize the vindictive fury of the bombed-out tribesman, we have only to remember our own feelings during the air-raids, and after Scarborough. *We*, in a rich land hospitable to the homeless, would gladly have torn in pieces any Hun airman who might have fallen into our hands!

To take on the tribesman and defeat him in his own hills is a game demanding a lifetime of specialized study. The use of troops not trained to this end is a direct invitation to disaster; and any marked reverse to our white regiments, however gallant and eager they may be, would, in the course of the past few weeks, have been the signal for a blaze-up of the entire frontier from the Malakand to Quetta.

India is asking to-day, as England will ask to-morrow, and the whole world very shortly, how it is that a Division of British troops, supplied with the whole range of modern mechanical science, can—not to put too fine a point on it—be held helpless behind the barbed wire of Peshawar, the metropolis of the Border. Let those doctrinaires answer who, for the sake of a myopic fad, destroyed the *corps à corps* personal battle-power of the finest body of specialists the Empire has ever known; they who, alone, knew how to keep pent in his hills the Pathan who to-day, wanders at will over the plains we are set to defend.

The Reconstruction of Austria

By Major E. W. Polson Newman

THE new Austrian Republic, all that is left of the old Austrian Empire, has in the last decade passed through a period of great uncertainty and difficulty; but, fortunately, a point has been reached in its development where hope and confidence are taking the place of distress and despondency. In this small territory, chiefly Alpine, with a population of just over six millions and a large capital quite unsuited to the needs of a small country, the Austrian people are striving hard to adapt themselves to the new conditions imposed upon them by the redrawing of the frontiers of Central Europe. Political difficulties, want of capital, the new tariff barriers of neighbouring states, and want of confidence abroad (as shown in the poor response to the Austrian loan recently floated in London) have all hindered progress to a considerable extent, but it now looks as if Austria will eventually succeed in setting her house in order among the peoples of the Danubian region.

There have been two alternatives open to the new Austrian state: First, a realization of the *Anschluss* movement and union with Germany; and, secondly, the establishment of a wholly independent small republic, with a character similar to that of Switzerland. Although much has been heard of the Austrian desire for union with Germany and of the German desire to assimilate Austria, there is little prospect at present of any such political move either in Berlin or Vienna; but there is little doubt that in course of time the two German-speaking peoples will come together as one nation. As things are, it would be impossible for Germany to administer Austria by a system centralized in Berlin; Protestant Prussia naturally hesitates to favour the absorption of a large number of Catholics next door to Catholic Bavaria; and the whole of Germany shrinks at present from an extension of territory that would involve her in further financial commitments. Also, Germany's hope of improved relations with France and the fact that *Anschluss* could not be effected without the approval of the League of Nations tend to give the whole question rather a back place in the minds of practical German politicians. The Austrians, on the

other hand, although many favour *Anschluss* in an idealistic way, are inclined to regard a serious union with Germany as a last resort of the destitute. They feel that they want to be an independent people, with well-defined characteristics and an outlook of their own towards the world in general; but they also feel that, if the worst comes to the worst, they have friends and kinsmen to lean upon on the other side of the Bavarian frontier. Although this may be a pleasant and comfortable position for a small nation trying to make its way in the modern world, it may become a source of weakness and dependence.

The other alternative, that of establishing an Alpine republic on Swiss lines, has already been carried out to a certain extent in the federalization of Austria in nine federal districts, with Vienna composing a district by itself. This was a wise move owing to the differences of character, political and otherwise, of the various parts of the country, and because of the peculiar position of Vienna as the cultural capital of Central Europe, an important point of transit between East and West, and a strong centre of Socialistic doctrines. Moreover, this policy of federalization does not preclude union with Germany if or when it may become desirable. Since May 1929 the Government has been composed of Christian Socialists, German People's Party and Agrarians, and, unfortunately, political strife between the Christian Socialists in the country districts and the Socialists in the towns, both of whom have armed forces, has hindered the internal progress of Austria and created a bad impression in foreign countries. As the realization of Austria's ambitions must depend very largely on economic factors, it is essential that foreign confidence should be restored by the disarmament of all political armed forces, and it is the first duty of every loyal Austrian, of whatever political views, to subordinate party interests to this fundamental interest of the nation. Dr. Schober, the former Federal Chancellor, realized that the presence of these armed forces prejudiced Austria in the eyes of other European countries, and he firmly declared his intentions in this matter. Schober is a strong man of action, although he possesses a full share of delightful Austrian charm; he has a firm grasp of the situation and possesses all the qualities

necessary to influence the contending parties in the right direction; and, with the Italian barrier to Austrian economic expansion removed, he intended not to rest till he had solved the question of reconciliation at home. Schober's policy was to maintain an even balance between the two parties and gradually to restore normal conditions, as it would be unwise to attempt to suppress the two armed forces at a stroke of the pen. But his position was delicate, for he could not afford to incur the enmity of Dr. Seipel and his supporters by disarming the Heimwehr in the country districts, although this must be done sooner or later if the Socialist forces are to be disarmed in the towns. The Chancellor tried hard, and successfully, to gain the friendship of foreign nations by his frank and straightforward attitude towards them, and he was determined not to allow childish attempts at lawlessness to compromise the future of his country. The disappearance of internal strife is the first need of Austria to-day, especially in view of the Government's urgent need of capital to enable them to extend their policy of progress.

The former Austro-Hungarian monarchy was an economic unit, with a population of fifty-two millions, to a large degree self-supporting and protected by customs' tariffs against outside competition. Within this economic unit there was a definite division of production. Vienna and its surroundings, as well as the Czecho-slovak provinces, devoted themselves chiefly to industry; and the provinces in the eastern part of the monarchy provided the agricultural products necessary for the whole country; while Vienna formed the centre where the commercial and banking headquarters of these various undertakings were established. On the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, however, this economic unit was divided up into seven politically independent states which, although still backward in industry, immediately endeavoured to become independent economic units and to shut themselves off from their former sources of supply by introducing tariff barriers. The new Austria was, therefore, left with a territory, a great part of which is mountainous, and with a population of over six millions, a third of which is concentrated in the city of Vienna. Austrian commerce and industry, which had until 1918 been under a central leadership in

Vienna, were completely disintegrated. The Viennese banks had to liquidate their branches in the newly-created states or to cede them at great loss to national undertakings in those countries; and large numbers of employees, hitherto working in the territories which had been severed from Austria, were dismissed owing to their Austrian nationality, and returned to their native country to swamp the labour market. Also, fuel and other raw products needed by Austrian industry had hitherto been wholly or partly produced in the districts now constituting Poland and Czechoslovakia; and in the first years after the dismemberment of the monarchy Austrian industry was unable to obtain any of these supplies owing to the introduction of export restrictions and the breakdown of the traffic system. The necessity, therefore, arose of finding more distant, and hence more expensive, sources of supply. Also, many industries were divided in such a way that a part of the work was carried out in works situated in what is now Czechoslovakia and the other part in the factories of Austria proper. For example, Austria had a far greater number of spinning mills than was necessary to supply her own market, while the weaving looms were established in Czechoslovak factories. In these circumstances it was inevitable that the new customs' barriers and the industrial policy of the succession States should render the further interchange of products impossible, and many Austrian factories were compelled to close down.

Moreover, during this period of transition, entirely new industries were formed and developed in the succession States, so that even when the greatest obstacles to commercial intercourse were removed, Austria was unable to regain her old markets. The greater part of Austrian industry was, therefore, compelled to re-adapt itself to the new conditions, a process of re-organization which had to face the formidable facts that the necessary capital had to large extent been swept away owing to the war and the inflation period, and that the opening up of new markets was rendered exceedingly difficult owing to the increasing tendency to Protection all over the world. Although those industries which depended wholly or partly on home-produced raw materials, such as the timber, iron, steel and machine industries, were in a favourable position and were able to increase their

production beyond the pre-war level, all industry was severely affected by the difficulties arising out of the limited size of the home market and the reduced purchasing power of the Austrian population.

Austrian industrial policy since the war has, therefore, adopted as its main task the development of the sources of production and the increase of the purchasing power of the population. With this purpose in view, the development of the great water power resources of Austria has been energetically promoted, so that in the last ten years the generation of electrical power has been trebled, coal imports from Poland and Czechoslovakia have been reduced, and electrical power is now being exported to neighbouring countries. Much has also been done in recent years to reclaim waste land and to make Austria agriculturally self-supporting, with the result that at present only one third of Austria's requirements in bread cereals is imported from abroad, and dairy produce is now exported instead of being imported, as was previously the case. Fortunately, the difficulty experienced in the re-organization of the banking system, involving the necessary elimination of such banks as were in excess of the requirements of the new republic, has now been practically overcome; but the rationalization of industrial production is still in progress, and it will be some time before it is finally accomplished, for Austria urgently needs foreign capital and greater facilities for marketing abroad, to enable her to carry out her economic tasks with some measure of success.

When Dr. Schober was elected Federal Chancellor in the autumn of last year, the internal political situation was exceedingly difficult, and there was a considerable amount of civil unrest in Vienna and the neighbourhood of the capital, the non-Socialist parties demanding a reform of the Constitution against a strong Socialist opposition. The leading feature in Schober's programme was to safeguard the undisturbed development of political and economic life by strengthening the powers of the State, and to secure the future prosperity and economic development of the country. The Bill for the reform of the Constitution was submitted to Parliament in October 1929, and was passed by the Nationalrat by a two-thirds majority, the Socialists refraining from voting. The aim of this reform was to confirm the

authority of the State; to disengage the administration and courts of justice from all political influences; to re-organize the position of the city of Vienna within the Federal State; and to establish the constitutional foundations of national education. By this measure the President of the Austrian Republic will in future be elected by the votes of the whole population; he will enjoy privileges and rights equal to those of the Austrian Parliament, and he will thereby be enabled to uphold the continuity of government in face of the ever-changing conditions of party policies. The President will also have full control over the appointment and resignation of ministers, and will have the right to dissolve the Nationalrat as well as the power, in cases of special urgency, to govern by special decree. The position of the Government has also been strengthened by the concentration of the State police force under the direct superintendence of the Federal Government, while the independence of the courts of justice from political influences has been achieved by modifying the composition of the two courts of law* so that members will in future be appointed by the Federal President himself, instead of by Parliament. The Government will nominate the two chairmen and half the members of each court, while the nomination of the remainder will rest with Parliament. As far as Vienna is concerned, it has been decided that all matters of federal administration should henceforth be submitted to the head of the Government department concerned for his final decision, and that the entire financial administration of the city should be placed under the control of the Rechnungshof (Court of Accounts). With regard to public instruction, the power of the Ministry of Education has been considerably increased in the matter of inspection and supervision without interfering with the independence of school administration in the federal districts. Such reforms were far-reaching and had the effect of restraining Socialist activities in many directions, and it was significant that there was a lull in political unrest soon after the new Constitution was passed by Parliament.

At the same time, it must be remembered that economic development, involving a solution of the

* Verfassungsgerichtshof (Constitutional Court) & Verwaltungsgerichtshof (Court of Administration).

unemployment question, was the ultimate object of Dr. Schober's efforts, and even his foreign policy was framed with this consideration in view, including the flotation of a Development Loan urgently needed at the time. Yet, before negotiations for that purpose could be undertaken, the first lien on all Government property, assigned to Austria's creditors on account of Reparations, had to be cancelled. Fortunately, in December of last year, Italy joined the Relief Convention which Austria had previously concluded with all her other creditors, thereby enabling Austria's claims to be fully asserted at the second Hague Conference, which dealt with the final settlement of the Reparations question. The Federal Chancellor personally led the Austrian delegation at The Hague, which successfully achieved its object in the cancellation of Austria's financial liabilities resulting from the Treaty of St. Germain, and this gave Austria her financial independence, which was largely due to the efforts of the Great Powers. As the friendly and conciliatory attitude of the Italian Government during these negotiations substantially contributed to Austria's relief, Dr. Schober paid a visit to the King of Italy and to Signor Mussolini, in order to express the gratitude of his country. During his visit to Rome, Dr. Schober was very well received by the Italian people, and occasion was taken to sign a Treaty of Friendship, Conciliation and Arbitration between the two countries. These economic circumstances, together with a modification of Italian policy in the South Tyrol, have placed Austria and Italy on terms of friendship which have not existed for a very considerable time; yet part of the Christian Socialist Press in Austria tried to infer from the Rome visit that, owing to the recent changes in the Constitution, Austria was now siding more with States with strong governments, such as Italy and Hungary, and that Italy was Austria's real friend rather than Germany. The blocking of the foreign loan by Italy for two years was conveniently forgotten. Dr. Schober, however, took care in the interviews he gave to German correspondents in Rome that there should be no misunderstanding about the meaning of the visit, and announced that he would shortly go to Berlin. The Berlin visit took place early this year, and Dr. Schober was again able to bring back to Vienna something

substantial. For two years the negotiations between Austria and Germany for a new Customs' Tariff agreement had been hanging fire, to the annoyance of the more ardent supporters of the *Anschluss*, chiefly because Austria wanted a reduction of the German duties on sawn wood and cattle, which Germany was unwilling to grant before her negotiations were completed with Poland and Czechoslovakia, which also deal in these exports. During these Berlin conversations, Germany agreed to certain concessions, especially as regards frontier traffic, so that the Chancellor was able to announce that the tariff agreement would be concluded in March, and this further strengthened his position.

Since then, however, important changes have taken place, and there has been a movement further to the Right on the part of the Christian Socialists in Austria, due partly to the results of the German elections, and partly to the fear of losing many of their supporters to the Heimwehr, which is tending to develop into a political party as well as a military organization. Hence the Christian Socialists began to regard the compromising attitude of Dr. Schober as likely to threaten the loyalty to the party of the Right Wing extremists, and this feeling was intensified by the Chancellor's hesitation to appoint as General Manager of the Federal Railways an official supported by the Christian Socialists on account of his strong hand in dealing with affairs. Among those who took grave exception to delay in this matter was Dr. Vaugoin, Vice-Chancellor of the Republic and one of the Right Wing leaders of the Christian Socialist Party, and opposition in the Cabinet led to Dr. Schober's resignation and to Dr. Vaugoin being appointed as his successor. As, however, the new Chancellor found himself deprived of the help of the German People's Party and Agrarians, and supported only by a Christian Socialist minority, it became necessary to hold new elections. But the most interesting, though perhaps the most dangerous, development has been the appointment as Minister of the Interior of Prince Starhemberg, the principal leader of the Heimwehr, and the inclusion in the Vaugoin Cabinet of other Heimwehr leaders. The resignation of Dr. Schober is deeply to be regretted, but events are likly to show that the country still needs his steady guiding hand.

Woman and Maternity

By Dr. Meyrick Booth

In spite of all that science can do for us, it would seem that maternity is becoming increasingly dangerous.

As is now well known, the deaths from childbirth and associated causes have risen very appreciably during the last twenty years. In 1911, the proportion of deaths per 1,000 births in England and Wales was about 4·9;* in 1925, it was 5·2; and it is now about 5·6. This rise is all the more striking when contrasted with the decline in the general death-rate—from 16 to 11 per 1,000 of the total population (in the same period).

During these twenty years medical science has advanced and hygienic conditions have improved, and *yet* the maternal death-rate has risen steadily. It is thus quite obvious that a lack of proper care in a medical sense cannot be the actual *cause* of the increased mortality in childbirth. To remove this cause, could we find it, might be much more useful than to erect more hospitals.

Amongst people of a primitive way of life, childbirth often takes place with surprisingly little difficulty or pain. It is not uncommon in Poland for a peasant woman to be delivered of her baby, and the next day resume her turnip-hoeing as if nothing had happened. A medical friend tells me he can remember the time when such cases were not unusual in Wales.

On the other hand, some of the highest maternal death-rates in the world are to be found in advanced communities, with excellent medical service.

It is, for example, a most thought-provoking fact that, in London, the *lowest* rates are in West Ham, East Ham, Stepney, Shoreditch, Holborn and Bethnal Green; while Kensington, Westminster and Hampstead show high rates! Again, amongst the English counties and boroughs, it is impossible to trace any connection between hygienic and medical conditions and the maternal death-rate. (Why, for example, should the Blackpool rate be nearly twice that of Liverpool and why should Bournemouth show a much higher rate than Birmingham?)

* In Italy, 2·4; Sweden, 2·4; Norway, 2·9.

The remedy proposed by those who write on our problem in the Press is more hospitals, more medical service, more anæsthetics. But is not this rather like telling a man who has lost the use of his limbs that he ought to ride in a motor? Maternity is, after all, a perfectly natural function. It should not present any terrors to a woman in a state of natural health and vigour. We ought perhaps to ask the question: Is all as it should be with the nervous and physical condition of the young women of child-bearing age in modern civilization? rather than *merely* rush to provide them with artificial aids, which to genuinely strong and undegenerate women should be superfluous. There is something rather unconvincing in the plea for better medical care alone, when we know that the maternal death-rate is higher in many communities where such care is of the best, than it is in others where it is most inadequate. Of course, granted a community in which the women are of inferior racial efficiency, in which their capacity for fulfilling their functions has seriously deteriorated as a result of unnatural modes of life, it may be necessary to resort to the best artificial aids procurable. But we should not deceive ourselves that we have thus gone to the root of the matter.

It is my contention that the whole problem of woman's place in society, her education and occupation, needs a thorough re-examination in the light of modern psychology and medicine. The movement for the emancipation of women, while beyond all question necessary and in many of its results beneficial, has, throughout its history, made the very serious mistake of minimizing (or even denying altogether) the significance of natural sex differences. As Havelock Ellis puts it (in "Sex in Relation to Society," chap. 1), women in England have been so "fascinated by the glamour of everything masculine" that they have tended, to a very dangerous degree, to overlook the fundamental organic and psychological realities which differentiate them from men. This attitude, which might perhaps be characterized as "sex equality at any price," has proved expensive indeed. It has given us a type of woman who is fitted by her education and general

mental attitude to life for various masculine pursuits, but who has been diverted from the normal line of feminine development, speaking biologically. Although long out of date—made obsolete by the growth of our psychological knowledge—this pseudo-masculinism is by no means dead. It still powerfully influences multitudes of girls' schools—especially the large high schools, where the chief aim is to send out girls equipped for a life of competition with men in the professional and business world.

I suggest that there is a very significant connection between the present-day tendency to convert girls, first and foremost, into "careerists" and money-making machines, and the growing incapacity of the modern woman to function as a mother with ease and efficiency. Is not this the common sense of the matter? It is certainly quite possible to train girls to compete with men as technicians, chemists, architects, doctors, business women, factory workers, or what not. No one now denies the capacity of women. But is it sensible to suppose that women thus diverted from their natural line of development (to which they have been adapted for thousands of years) will be adequately prepared for the tasks of wifehood and maternity?

Psychologists are at one in the conviction that woman is nearer to nature than man. The male has from time immemorial been specialized for the work of the world, while the female has remained nearer to the primitive and undifferentiated original human type. This intimacy with nature it is which enables woman to discharge her maternal task with no undue risk or effort, demanding, as it does, an immense effort on the part of the subconscious in the readjustment of the organism to the creation of new life. Thus women of a primitive type, such as the Polish peasant girl, find it astonishingly easy to bear children. In their case, the bond with nature has not been broken. It is the woman divorced from nature, the city-dweller and the highly-strung brain-worker, who suffers the most.

The modern educated woman cannot, it is true, return to the condition of the naïve peasant girl. Precisely for this reason is it so necessary that we should

arrive at a new conception of the true place of woman in society. To go back is impossible. To go forward along the present line of mere unthinking adaptation to man-made social and economic life is to invite racial disaster.

The woman's movement has passed through its first stage of revolt and experiment. Much needful experience has been gained. It was perhaps inevitable that the early phases of emancipation should have been concerned with the opening of doors, with the initiation of women into fields of life hitherto regarded as masculine.

But feminists of the more progressive type are now realizing that this is not enough. It has become clear that women cannot be permanently satisfied with modes of life which pay no attention to their specific psychology, and which fail to fit them for their most interesting and vital life tasks. Thus Mrs. Dora Russell, after pointing out the failure of the early feminists to appreciate the significance of sex distinction, writes: "There never has been a period when education has trained women for the possibility of motherhood, and it is time that such training was begun. . . . To me, the important task of modern feminism is to accept and proclaim sex. . . ." ("Hypatia," chap. ii.). Mrs. Haldane, in her admirable little book, "Motherhood and its Enemies," reveals a similar realization of the inadequacy of modern educational methods in view of woman's racial task; mothers, she insists, are not simply born; it is folly to think that girls who have been trained solely with a view to economic independence will, by some miracle, become fitted by the mere act of marriage to discharge functions for which their previous life has left them entirely unprepared.

It is one of the ironies of the present situation that those who, like myself, stand for an improvement of woman's educational and occupational conditions in the light of present-day psychological knowledge, are immediately branded by the average feminist as "reactionaries," although it is precisely we who are endeavouring to remould the surroundings and educational influences of adolescent girls *in their own interests,* instead of from a purely masculine standpoint.

The older (or imitative) feminism has now done its work. The doors have been opened—all save one or two (and I, at any rate, have no concern to keep these closed)—and yet, as we all know, woman is not satisfied. Nay, she is more dissatisfied than ever before. Her own conversation and literature prove this.

The American social critic, Waldo Frank, writes: "The American woman has been forced by the conditions of our Jungle to become an agent of masculine behaviour, to accept ideals that corrode her strength, to live a life that belittles her home, to imitate men, and always in subaltern ranks . . . there is no country in the world where woman has had less chance to be woman, less cogency as woman, where she has been so entirely on the defensive; and where the re-establishment of woman in her organic rôle is so sorely needed—for the fulfilment of the folk."

In this matter it will scarcely be denied that America does no more than reflect, in a somewhat exaggerated way, tendencies typical of the whole of Western civilization. Nothing is more characteristic of modern life than this belittling of all that is specially feminine, together with a rather pathetic laudation of any and every sort of achievement on the part of a woman which seems to signify the assumption of a rôle previously played by men only. This attitude of mind, which, beneath a superficial appreciation of the modern woman, conceals a sincere contempt for the characteristically feminine side of life, is the enemy of all progress in the things that concern woman *as woman*. At its door we may lay the chief responsibility for the sense of inferiority which to-day obsesses women who are not actually struggling in the "jungle."

* * * * *

It has now become possible to distinguish three main stages in the evolution of the modern woman.

In the first place, there was the escape from the Victorian home, with its plush sofas, antimacassars, aspidistras, and heavy fathers, and the forcing of an entrance into "the great world," hitherto regarded as the sphere of fathers, brothers, and husbands. This phase

was marked by the founding of the women's colleges, such as Girton and Somerville, and the creation of a great system of education for girls, based upon their preparation for life in the man-made world, and entirely ignoring their feminine functions. On the Continent, this early stage was comparatively quickly transcended, largely under the influence of such teachers as Ellen Key, who realized that in this direction lay the great danger that woman might become a mere tool in the hands of man, fodder for the industrial machine, or cheap labour for the factory. But in England this crude imitative notion of emancipation is, unhappily, by no means a thing of the past.

Secondly, we note the stage of dissatisfaction. The doors have been opened, and they have been found to lead into chambers in which the average woman does not, and cannot, feel particularly happy. Thousands of thoughtful women are now asking themselves whether they have gained a vast deal, after all, by exchanging the plush sofas for the office stool. Were not the sofas, if rather stuffy, at any rate comfortable? To get up at seven o'clock, eat a hurried breakfast, and rush for the early train; to sit all day adding up columns of figures, and then rush home again; and to repeat this process, year in and year out, until the hair begins to turn grey, with the exhilarating prospect of a lonely and often penurious old age before one, is not precisely what women were led to expect in the vision of the New Jerusalem to result from "emancipation." True, many escape from the treadmill through marriage. But this opportunity is now, very naturally, much rarer (in the educated classes) than was the case before the emancipation. Before the war, Dr. Stanley Hall, in his very informative work, "Adolescence," gave statistics showing that (even then) the proportion of marriages in the case of women of higher education was less than half what it had been fifty years earlier. This is a very serious factor in the situation, and one far too little realized. It is hardly ever faced by modern writers on woman's problems, most of whom seem to think that it has something to do with the natural excess of women over men—a point of view which could not be held by anyone acquainted with

modern statistics (the proportion of men to women is such that more than 90 per cent. of women *could* marry, in place of the actual 30 per cent. or so in the educated middle class!*). Some find that even marriage brings no relief from the grind of monotonous toil in office or factory, since an ever-increasing proportion of married women are compelled to work outside their homes. The efforts of a few feminist doctrinaires to represent this exhausting arrangement as a new ideal type of marriage are not to be taken seriously. There remains the free-love union, often rather euphemistically described as a "trial-marriage." I do not believe that the proportion of women finding any really lasting satisfaction in this sort of sexual experiment is very large, in spite of its great popularity (at any rate as a *theory*) in advanced feminist circles!

Obviously, such social conditions are utterly unsuited to the psychology of the normal woman. They represent not such a state of things as she would have fashioned had she had any real power, but *a compulsory adaptation* to modes of life quite foreign to her nature and deepest desires. As Storm Jameson says: "It is the very women who have got all the things the old-fashioned feminist longed for who are the most dissatisfied . . . it is obvious that the feminists were quite deceiving themselves and us when they cried, 'Give us economic independence and we shall be content!'" The profound dissatisfaction of the woman of to-day (especially in those lands where her "emancipation" is of longer standing) is the inevitable consequence of a totally superficial (and often deliberately obscurantist) view of woman's work and social functions.

But a path is now being laid which leads to a third and higher stage (positive feminism), the determining factor in which will be a much deeper and more scientific

* Amongst English women taking up medical work the proportion of marriages to-day is not more than 12 per cent.! In America, women taking high academic honours remain unmarried to the extent of 80 per cent.—a figure giving food for thought to eugenists. Useful figures relating to the United States are given by H. R. Carey (in *The North American Review*, Nov. 1929) who writes, "The problem of women's colleges is chiefly—the wholesale suppression of marriage among the selected best of the nation."

knowledge of woman's own psychology, resulting finally in "the re-establishment of woman in her organic rôle." This ascent will not be made without opposition both from men and from feminists of the older school, many of whom do not yet realize how completely their sexless life-outlook has made of woman an "agent of masculine behaviour"; such still cling with tenacity to the exploded doctrines of John Stuart Mill and the Victorian emancipationists. It is, however, impossible that the epoch-making work of such men as Havelock Ellis, Stanley Hall, Freud, and C. G. Jung can remain without influence over the course of events, and in time the great flood of light which modern psychology has thrown upon the whole question of woman's life and functions will force the thinking public to realize that it is futile to persist in views which may have had some validity fifty years ago, but are now as dead as Queen Anne!

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It is the merest folly to imagine that a problem so profound as that of the modern woman in her relation to maternity can be *solved* by such a mechanical process as the provision of hospital beds and anæsthetics (although, of course, these must not be neglected where they are necessary). The moment we get below the surface we are faced with fundamental questions.

Are women to be educated for motherhood, or are they to be educated along masculine lines? Do we accept sex, or do we deny it? Our cowardly evasion of these decisions, our easy-going drifting with the current of modern materialism, with its mechanization of life and its shirking of all ethical problems, is now finding us out. Very much against our own wish, we are now being forced up against the fact that the modern woman, by virtue of her whole upbringing and all her ideas and ideals, is becoming more and more divorced from her racial functions, and less and less willing to make any sacrifice on their behalf. The individual is now supreme, and the interests of the race and the future are thrown to the winds. Every analysis of modern life makes this clear. (The reader is referred, amongst others in this

connection, to the works of Keyserling and Lothrop Stoddard.)

To the girl of to-day maternity is no longer an aim at all. It may be accepted in individual cases, but it has ceased to be what it once was—a creative force in her life-outlook. How could it be, when she is brought up upon the supposition that she is a boy in all but physical structure, and her pride often consists in denying everything which could in any way distinguish her from the opposite sex? No one in close touch with modern life would deny that the spirit of the age is thoroughly antagonistic to all that makes for happy and successful motherhood.

All the talk about the present period being "the age of woman" and so forth is shallow twaddle. Progressive feminists are coming more and more to realize that women have to-day virtually no formative influence upon the course of events. How could they have, when their attitude towards life is a denial by implication of their own inherent nature? It is only in so far as women are *women, and not men* that they can exert a definite influence different from the influence exerted by the same number of men. This is a truism, but one persistently forgotten to-day. The fashionable denial of all clear distinction between the sexes has for its corollary the inability of women to create a life of their own and make a distinctive contribution to progress and culture.

The solution of the problem of woman and maternity in the modern world must surely depend precisely upon the creation of such a life of their own on the part of women; in other words, upon the return of woman to her "organic rôle." This can, of course, be done only by women for themselves, and all that is possible at present is to clear the ground ready for this new work. In the first instance, it is necessary to transcend the old-fashioned conceptions of "emancipation," which leave woman without any distinctive standpoint. This article is a small effort in that direction.

Roast Lamb in Hellas

By Louis Golding

I OPENED my eyes upon the austere Greek coasts on the left hand and the enchanted Ionian Islands on the right hand. In between lay the spread-silk seas. I closed my eyes. I was at the heart of a Sussex downland. The air was full of the noise of lambs bleating. For we had been coasting for some days from the Albanian mountain pastures to dim little sea havens on the Greek mainland and the islands where Odysseus sailed as a boy.

It was too fantastic, too incredible. We were carrying with us to Ithaca an old wanderer returning to his wife after many years. He had been selling watches in Philadelphia. He was coming back to tend the vines on the rocky terraces of his boyhood.

We are a ship laden with paschal sacrifice. How we humans manage to find footing at all passes our own comprehension. Every deck and deckhouse and every corner of the hold is a pen. At each new port we ship a few hundred more lambs. You would not have thought that there was room for a hazel-nut.

Fortunately there are a few score baskets of oranges in the stern. There at night we wrap our capes of goat-hair about us and sleep more securely than kings, under the Greek stars. The water chuckles slowly against the sides of the boat. An obscure lamb bleats, remembering the pastures. Only the great grey goat haunts us, tangling his horns with the constellations.

We carry two thousand lambs and a single goat, a leering malevolent creature. He has the freedom of the boat. He stands on the winches, climbs to the binnacle and stares superciliously down on the doomed lambs. Pray heaven he does not bring disaster upon us when we thread the narrows of Santa Maura.

A shepherd puts in from the tiny port of Goumenitsa and rows away with a single lamb. It bleats forlornly to the others, thinking thirsty and hungry captivity preferable to this new and hideous solitude of freedom. They bleat back their sympathy. The goat leers. The ship's siren shrieks again. There is a wild confusion in the pens. Will the poor creatures never get used to it?

A fat, heavy Greek bends over and soothes them with the most cunning delicacy, tickling their foreheads and stroking their tiny ears.

You would have been much readier to believe that he was a murderer than the dapper, mincing little Greek who has just come back from three and a-half years' imprisonment in Albania for killing an Albanian sergeant. He tells the story repeatedly. The shepherds, in their white fustanellas and red curved shoes, sit about him open-mouthed—the playboy of this minute, floating world.

The enchantment becomes too potent even for the little murderer's prattling—the tranced islands, the tranced water, the lonely immortal hills. There is no melodrama in their outlines, no shaggy clothing of woods, no sweet patterning of villages. Why are they of all the hills in the world the most marvellous? Whose is that last voice calling among the rocks? Was that a flying-fish that skimmed the sea, or silver-footed Thetis?

Suddenly the water is alive all about us, shuddering with the fierce throbbing vitality it has concealed in its deeps—periscope, conning-tower, long lean deck—eight submarines have arisen out of Odysseus' sea. And behind the rock-island of Petala, two islands of steel emerge—His Majesty's "Emperor of India" and the cruiser "Calypso."

Now Ithaca fades behind us on the west with all its royal memories, and the great island of Cephalonia behind it takes the western sky. The islands and the coasts recede from us now. We are entering the wide waters. Presently we shall turn landwards, towards the Gulf of Patras.

Melancholy against its marshy lagoons, Missolonghi lies to northward, where Byron died a century ago; the chemist's assistant from Missolonghi kissed my hand when he learned that I was Byron's countryman. "A saint," he said, "like St. George and St. Christopher." The description must have pleased the great poet's shade hovering in the air, whose freedom he died for.

A wind rose as we put into Patras. The sun was setting. All the waters reeled ragged and bloody, as they had done here centuries ago when Don John of Austria

led the Christians to victory at Lepanto. But Don John's enemies and Lord Byron's are not beaten yet. A Turkish boatman took me ashore. The place I had vacated was occupied at once by four hundred new lambs from the foot-slopes of Erymanthus. All Greece is filled with the noise of lambs bleating.

A day or two later, on the far-flung mountain road between Olympia and Andritsæna, I learned what became of those lambs.

On the naked mountain-tops, in the roaring gorges, in the meadows of green translucent wheat—the whole day was a symphony of roast lamb. For more than twelve long hours we marched, out of the village of Krestena, saluting the dim dawn with its Eastern Sunday best, till at length, broken in body but triumphant in spirit, we reached after nightfall the fastness at Andritsæna, folded high in the lonely hills. And roast lamb, and roast lamb again, were the only incident in all the breathless day.

It started the evening before in Krestena. Immediately they seized me and set me down before the farrier's shop (which was also the butcher's, the haberdasher's and the café), and made me drain glass after glass of aniseed, cup after cup of coffee.

For in whatsoever the modern Greeks are unlike the ancients, they have most bounteously inherited the virtue of hospitality. It is enough to speak the American language; and, although they realize that I only speak the English dialect, they are charitable to me. To these returned immigrants, England is merely a somewhat remote extension of America, like Alaska, for instance. It embarrassed my national *amour propre* a little, but it meant that the tall shepherd insisted on my carrying away with me his shepherd's crook, most deftly carved at the handle, because my eyes had for one moment rested upon it in innocent admiration. Henceforth it must shepherd my errant fancies through Europe and remind me of an immemorial hospitality to which no other peasantry of Europe affords any parallel.

The symphony of roast lamb started that evening at Krestena. As I sipped my coffee, quite casually before my eyes my host slit a lamb's throat, as he might cut a

cheese. I became aware that a lamb lay dying on every threshold in the village. Mutely, pitifully, they gave up their sweet small lives.

Three o'clock in the morning of Easter Sunday is held to be the moment of the Resurrection. Furiously ring the bells of Krestena. The embargo now is over. Abandon your beans, put aside your olives. Take the paschal lamb into your mouths, flanked by the Easter eggs, dyed a burning blood-red in steaming cauldrons. We were ready to set off at seven, my guide across the trackless hills and I, but they would not let me go without partaking of the day's first roast lamb at a small table outside the café, with the whole populace gathered friendily about me, stuffing blood-red eggs into my rucksack.

So we set off through the lower lands of cypresses and the fields of red loam planted with currant-bushes; so we climbed the stony spurs of mountains and ascended and descended the difficult torrent-ways, for there was no other path. Till at length we attained the exalted village of Gremka. We were to meet no other village the whole day. And duly the populace gathered about me, and duly the returned American immigrant and I discussed the glories of the Anglo-American civilization. Yet the extraordinary thing is that these are not enough to imprison him for ever in his glittering exile. Sooner or later, however large a fortune he has accumulated, whether he owns three automobiles or only one, the chain draws the Greek exile back irresistibly to the chatterboxes in the sunny village square, the hens on his rafters, the pigs at his door.

And did I not remember that this was Easter Sunday, a week later than ours in the West? After I have been presented with a vast piled plate of curdled sheep's milk, a plate of roast lamb is set before me. The village swarms round me. And triumphantly the *chef d'œuvre* of my mountain luncheon, the priest, makes his way forward, with a Greek-English lexicon in his hands.

Now we stride across the mountain-tops, descending into the gorges and ascending again. The green valley of the Alpheus trenches the land westward along our path. Northward the vast snowy bulk of Erymanthus

dominates the Peloponnesus. The sea appears once and again through folds of the southern hills.

Somewhere far away, a church steeple insists tumultuously upon worship. But where are the worshippers in these stony wastes? No sheep grazes here. No goat's bell tinkles. But often and often there are wells and springs and streams to freshen the day—for this is a kindlier land than bitter flaming Sicily.

At the fording of a deep stream, we enter a khan for refreshment; an inn, as it were, but with no ingle-nooks and tankards of beer and dimity curtains and darts and skittles. Only an old woman lives here and her son. His eyes are blue and wide with liberty and solitude. He is more like a fawn than a man in his goat-hair garments. The father is in America. How then should they not set before me a dish of roast lamb?

And yet, when after many hours we stumbled foot-sore into the craggy keep of Andritsæna, when once more they placed roast lamb before me, so desperately hungry was I that you might have thought from the way I attacked it that even the name of the animal was entirely strange to me. And next morning my landlord brought the whole lamb to my bedside, sat down beside me and discussed should it be ribs or leg he should roast for my luncheon that day. O little lambs that skip by Haslemere, by Burford, by Derwentwater, shall I not hide my face when I hear your bleat again in those green meadows?

There can hardly be a town so inaccessible, perched so high among precipices and streams as Andritsæna in the wild mountains of the western Peloponnesus. It seems a fortress of the mediæval spirit, surviving from century to century, despite the Ford that descends from it daily in the plains of Megalopolis.

They wear trousers, the Andritsænans, but they are only at home in their white pleated kilts. There is a gramophone. They sit on their high-perched shelf of a square and stare at it rather incredulously.

They are only at home when their troubadour from Turkey comes and sings to them. He visits them every few months and climbs at dusk upon a platform in the dark corner of the café. He places his guitar upon his

knees and sings them songs of dark love and sudden skirmishes—he is the perfect mediæval jongleur. I have held his tattooed hand—which a patricide in the prison of Rhion, near Patras, inscribed for him ineffaceably with the images of a broken heart and a tombstone. For our Turkish troubadour has also killed a man—a cab-driver in Athens—a proceeding I cannot condone, but can readily understand. He has reformed since that time, having "made a vaptize," as a friend informed me, and married a Greek maiden.

We worthies of Andritsæna sat in the deepening gloom, filling each other's glasses with resinated wine (to which we have overcome our initial objections) and ladling out from our pockets innumerable scarlet-dyed Easter eggs and enough curtain-ring cakes to hang all the tapestries of India.

You spit gently on the tip of your own Easter egg, and your neighbour's little son does the same thing (never by any chance his wife or daughter, who is not displayed in public). Then you crash the tips of the eggs together to see who does the most damage, and then laugh unrestrainedly. Then you put your adult hat on your friend's son's little head and roll a cigarette out of silver paper, and are very grown up. Then you mix all the smashed hard eggs together with mustard and pepper and salt and fill your tumbler again, and avoid acute indigestion next morning, if you can. Which you can't, for every house in Andritsæna has invited you into its stateroom to smash egg for egg with its youngest-born, and eat eggs and eggs till you feel like an incubator.

And all the while the Turkish troubadour is chanting and sobbing and moaning songs in Greek, Kurdish, Turkish, Georgian and Arabic; and learning that an Englishman forms part of his audience, he also delivers "Tipperary" more ghoulishly than any jackal ever howled under a yellow moon.

But plunge next morning round the mountain's shoulder into the world's virgin solitudes, and descend into the gorges of myrtle and holly-oak, where by the torrent-beds the tortoises resonantly clash their shields together. Then ascend the blistering passes into a solitude more solitary and enormous. At last you will front

Bassæ, the most solitary of the Greek temples, rising out of the grey rock as if by some natural wizardry rather than by the hand of man.

You will have traversed all history back to the hour of the perfection of Greece. You will have seen hawks hovering and sweeping. The fierce fawn sheepdogs of this country, which are so beautiful and dangerous, will show their fangs, like the wolves they are. And though you will not see the shepherds, you will hear them, but you will think they are birds.

The temple was erected by a tribe called the Phigalians more than four centuries before Christ, in honour of Apollo, the Giver of Health, who delivered them from the plague. There could be no more appropriate site for a shrine to the Health-Giver than this immensity of sun and wind and air. But is not the idea of sickness farcical, ludicrous, in this solitude, which might itself be Apollo's shrine, without lifting of pillar and carving of friezes?

You learn the answer quickly, grimly enough. When I took my place next morning in the Ford car which was to take me to Megalopolis, I travelled with a party of doomed boys, tuberculous patients whom the doctor was taking over to Athens. For whatsoever of the modern world has been kept out of the mediæval seclusion of Andritsæna, the most dolorous demon of the age has not been denied admittance. The blood of its people does not know the crafty art of resistance we learn in the cities. Their bastions are quickly taken.

So with our melancholy freight we lurched past the abysses, turned hideous hairpin bends under soaring crags, saw a thousand feet below us the cold, green torrents, and beyond the ravine the sandstone precipice of Karytæna crowned by its untakable fortress. And all day long the grey ravens hovered over us.

It was an arduous road I trudged leading from the plains of Arcady into the sterile hills that surround Sparta. When you approach Athens from far off, she asserts herself with the golden glory of the Parthenon. When you approach Rome, the City of the Emperors and the City of the Popes equally proclaim themselves with no timid voice. But why is the summons of Sparta

equally imperious? She has no vast temple on a hill; she bequeathed to posterity no marvellous sculpture, no deathless poetry. The vast snowy bulk of Mount Taygetus is her only monument, and it was not made by hands. Yet that is scarcely true. She does not need even the mountain to be her monument. Sparta survives so long as valour has a meaning in the minds of men.

You will look in vain for the walls of old Sparta. The bodies of the Spartans were her walls. Their valour was her sculpture and her poetry. And they bathed in the swift-flowing Eurotas when the mimic or the real wars were over.

It was a hot day of south-east winds as I descended into Sparta, and I, too, hoped to bathe in Eurotas; but there was little water and much gravel in its beds, from which the bell-like croaking of the bull-frogs sounded all night long. Yet the river might run dry and its course be indistinguishable under fields of barley and groves of olives; the mountain of Taygetus might be levelled with the sea. They would still be the swiftest river and the highest mountain in the world, for they are part of Sparta and are imperishable.

That is why modern Sparta is such a mockery. It would have been wiser to have left undisturbed the frogs in the rushes and the mice in the wheat. It is true that an imperial architect laid it all out on a very imperial plan of spacious boulevards, crossing each other at right angles, with a great square for their nucleus. But I doubt if any buildings would not look diminished in this grave, enormous landscape, if they would not cower under the shadow of so tremendous a memory. And the buildings of modern Sparta seen across those more than Parisian boulevards shrink into dust-bins.

As it is a saint's day, a band goes about from corner to corner of the town making odd frightened flurries of music. The musicians look like tiny toys. You put a coin in the slot. The drummer drums. The cornet does his piece. Then the works run down.

But if nothing more than a few stones survives of Sparta, and no man knows certainly what they mean, in the middle ages a city on the hill only an hour's walk away took the place of the classic city in the plain. Mistra

is the name of the strange, defiant mediæval city. No man has lived there for many hundreds of years, but her walls stand, her palaces, her gateways, her roofs. You may wander in her underground chambers. Tapers burn in the churches before the image-screens. It is as if that grim city of feudal wars and massacres and carousal had proclaimed to Time, rearing her crested head: "Even Sparta you laid low. Me you shall not lay low!"

And, indeed, there is a sense in which Mistra is the perpetuation of Sparta—of the Greek spirit. You will see fragments of Byzantine paintings in the apses of the churches, painted in the fourteenth century—mere fragments, the limbs here, a headless body there—and yet you will detect, persistent across all that abyss of time, the same set of the draperies, the same poise of the limbs, as the Greek ancestors of these Byzantine artists had rendered into bronze and marble long ago. My own mind was full of a small but exquisite bronze Athene excavated some days ago from the ancient theatre. It might have been Athene's own daughter I beheld painted on the Christian apse.

Nobody lives in Mistra at all but the black-hooded nuns of the Pantanassa Convent. They are kindly creatures, and will give you coffee and wines and mastika, but they are remote, very alien from anything we are and understand. They lead you by the hand and recite the holy script on the images, and encircling the carved pillars, in a shrill, unworldly monotone, like the noise of flames. Then you leave them to their contemplation in their undying, unknown city, looking out upon Sparta, so dead and so deathless.

If you are in search of physical adventures, go to Klondike or Zambesi, but avoid Greece. You can occupy yourself with wild creatures in human or animal form in those regions, but in Greece all your adventures are mental or spiritual. There are fleas and sheepdogs, of course, and up in Thessaly you can make arrangements to be held up by brigands—though your chances of success will be immensely increased if you are a member of the Greek Cabinet. The brigands are sometimes a little over-enthusiastic, and lop off your ears if your ransom is held up in the post. But, after all, they are

only Thessalians. "Barbarians," the old Greeks called them, and they were never allowed to join in the Pan-Hellenic games at Olympia.

But Greece itself is old. You can hold your breath and dream. You meet people who have set up strident mills at Pittsburg. You meet people who were born among their flocks in the lonely hills and have tended them all their lives long, wandering from pasture to pasture. You talk with them, but you do not listen to what they or you are saying. Your body is torpid in the hot Greek noon. Your mind and spirit are with those others, wondering what thoughts they had—did they hate and love as we do?

And nowhere in Greece will this fever of spirit and torpor of body descend upon you so powerfully as in the Plain of Argos, and in the hills which encircle it, making a peninsula, extending southward and westward away from the Isthmus of Corinth. Here you are not faced merely with the memorial shrines of the Greeks who are to us a legend. You are in the land of those dim, superhuman, monstrous races who were a legend even to Homer—the races who built the Cyclopean fortresses and palaces of Tiryns and Mycenæ. The first is upon the thirsty Plain of Argos, the second guards it on the north. Time can do them no violence. Those Titan blocks of stone will only fall from each other, you feel, in the final splitting of the globe itself.

The Plain of Argos extends waterless to the sea. Where the Cyclopean armies clashed, they grow acres upon acres of tobacco. I saw the peasants planting the young shoots into innumerable pockets of hard, brown soil; and so steady a blue haze of heat was rising that you might have thought the plain itself was smoking tobacco, before the leaves were ripe; dry they seemed already, as the ash in a pipe-bowl.

Homer sang of the Plain of Argos as "horse-bearing," but there are only a few donkeys here now, neighing disconsolately, their hides stiff with heat. One had a patch of shade under a tree. In dumb ecstasy he rolled in the dust, shaking his hoofs at the branches.

As I climbed the fortress of Tiryns and stood in the palace of the pre-Homeric king, the last vestiges of life

dissipated into the haze. A man stands there suspended in a vacuum of space and time. Long hours after, it might have been, I became aware of a procession moving with music along the plain from Nauplia, which lies, the most exquisite of Greek cities, under a citadel by the sea. A Ford car led, in which I could recognize a bride in her white clothes, and a bridegroom. The relatives followed in rustic carts with a jingling of harness, a singing, a strumming of guitars, a moaning of fiddles. The women had pink parasols, looking like petals of peach-blossom against the blue sky. The black priest followed behind. The procession disappeared upon the road to Argos.

Later I was aware of another cavalcade with more jingling and singing and strumming, and still later a third. "What!" I said. "Is all Nauplia being married to-day? Must an unmarried man that enters Nauplia this evening give up hope of meeting his destiny there?" But it was all the same wedding, the same pink parasols, circling round somewhere beyond the megalithic walls to give the bride for another hour the rapture of riding in a Ford car on this her life's great day.

Are there lions sculptured above the colossal gateway of Mycenæ? But they are old, and we are young; they are stone and we are flesh. Are the walls of Tiryns made of such boulders that the imagination cowers from the thought of how they were squared and piled into place? We prefer our stucco, our sun-dried mud.

The Ford car was a chariot of victory driven round the walls of a defeated city, and the music was the music of conquerors who had dispossessed a king of his house. But Tiryns will speak the last word yet, over the body of the remote ultimate offspring of that day's wedding.

The Misty Valley

By Mary Evans

It was Johnny Silvester who started me off there.

He stopped his black wall-eyed colt alongside the democrat and took off his dilapidated Mexican hat—he'd had it for twelve years to my certain knowledge, and it had little holes in it where his hair stuck out—and said, "The Reeds, you know, missis, old James is up against it." He always started that way. "You know," he'd say, and then tell you something that no one knew but himself.

"What's the trouble?" I asked him.

"Oh," he answered, "the same old game; they've reduced his pension again. First they halved it, then quartered it, next time it will be damn' all; you know, every year he gets older it gets less. He fought in South Africa—then in this last show in France, and had his head half blown off—and now he and Sister Jess—right up against it, and the ranch is only a ruddy rockpile." He paused and spat over his horse's shoulder into the gutter. "O, my God," he said, "these blinkin' doctors!" And without another word spurred his colt into a lope and went away.

A week later, on a lovely November day (and an autumn day in Western Canada can be strangely beautiful), I left home to ride up to the Reeds to see for myself how the world was going with them. Half way up the hills a thick mist, following heavy rain, lay without perceptible movement, as it had for several days; but a sunshine of extraordinary warmth for the time of year shone over the flats, where the river, falling daily, moved sluggishly amid its sand banks. I rode out slowly, for I had a knapsack slung across my shoulders with a few things for the Reeds, and a five-pound bag of oats for my horse, and knowing what the hills could do in the way of cold at a few hours' notice, I had on a thick coat.

I took the most used trail, passed the fields where the Chinamen were sacking potatoes, and passed the acres of tomatoes which it had not paid them to gather. They

lay there among their rotting brown stalks for all the world like broken strings of coral beads, thousands of them giving a curiously warm touch of colour to the faded landscape.

Two hours later I was in the mist, far away from the main trail, following the little used one that led ultimately to the Reeds' ranch. Desperately lonely it was; all round me on either hand for miles lay naked rolling hills, dotted with great boulders, and hunched rocks, the hollows filled with innumerable lakes, some dried up now, where sickly cotton trees, still holding their leaves, made splashes of bright gold against the dead background. The mist came past in great waves, sometimes so thick I could see nothing but the soft black trail beneath the horse's feet, the beaded drops of moisture on his mane, and the great dog padding silently along beside my stirrup. Now and then the mist would clear, and looking up I could see the pale blue November sky flecked with white clouds—that pale blue which only late autumn knows—like the eyes of some sad person grown gentle with old age.

I had reached almost the highest point of the winding trail, while the mist thickened suddenly, and afternoon waned towards evening, when I suddenly realized I was not at ease—knew that I was listening with unnatural tension for some sound I could not reasonably expect to hear. Passing a little pot-hole, nearly dry, scabbed with jade-green slime and white with alkali, a piece of paper, left by some duck-hunter and caught on a distorted choke-berry bush, flapped in some unfelt current of air, like a white handkerchief held in an emaciated hand as if in warning or farewell. A coldness not of the mist passed over me, and I bent forward in the saddle and pushed my sweating horse into a canter.

In about fifteen minutes I came to an abandoned homestead, one of four whose boundary fences joined, and of which the last was still inhabited by the Reeds. Dimly through the misty dark I saw the deserted houses —the rotting fence posts, the log-built stables roofed with sods—but not a sign of life. Now the trail led downwards, always down, winding among rounded hillocks, clothed in pine and cotton trees, till they gave place to

cleared land, patched with choke-berries, and then I came to the creek bed, thick with willows. I crossed, and now in almost black darkness rode into the Reeds' yard.

I sat there quite still for about a minute frozen into a kind of senseless fear, for the house was as still and dark as those long-deserted cabins I had so gladly left behind. Then I dismounted, slipped the reins over my arm and went to the back door; it opened without a sound, and the inside of the kitchen loomed before me black and cold as a grave.

I led my horse over to the corrals, took off my saddle and pulled him some rye hay, and went back resolutely to the house to look round. I was frankly scared, and groped rather feverishly in the kitchen till I found the matches, lit the lamp and the fire, and put the kettle on. It was six o'clock. The Reeds, if they were out anywhere far, would certainly be home soon; the cows could not be left a single night unmilked, or the poultry unfed. I went into the sitting-room, and, as I opened the door, a cat brushed past my feet and fled into the outer darkness. I cursed it like a man from sheer fright, and set about lighting the heater.

Over and over again I went to the back door to listen, but always the same silence awaited me. A few cattle invisible in the mist moved in the corrals, pulling at the rye stack, and once a pinto pony came up to the door, snorted at the strange voice, and galloped off towards the creek.

Where were the Reeds? They employed no help, living solitary and in extreme poverty in this lonely place. I knew them well; it was unheard-of for them both to be away together on account of the milking, and Sister Jess never moved beyond the home pastures from month's end to month's end, stout and gay and gallant in the face of endless hardship. For some reason the prospect of staying here, alone, all night appalled me. The kettle boiled over—the noise brought me instantly to my feet like a threat. Half past six! I pulled myself together and made some tea, and sat down to drink it facing the open door, listening to the sighing pine trees round the house, and the mice racing inside the double walls. Driven at length by the cold I shut the door, and

hardly had I done so when I heard a horse trot past the window—James at last!

Relief like a joy spread over me, and I flung open the door, but the man outside loosening the cinch of his saddle was not James Reed. He spoke without turning:

"Will it be all right to put my cayuse in the barn, Miss Reed?" he said, and turned with the great stock saddle over his arm.

I explained things to him and told him my name.

"Pleased to meet you," he said cheerfully, and we shook hands; and then, "Where have the Reeds got to, then? Jimmy knew I was coming to-night. Old Jess never goes along to town this time of year, and even if he had to go unexpectedly——" he paused.

I said, "I don't know where on earth they can be. Will you stay to-night? If not, I guess I'll ride out with you."

"Scared to be alone?" he asked.

"Terrified," I said simply. "Why, I don't know."

He looked at me pityingly. "Well, it is lonely all right; but I'll have to stay anyway, I've ridden over from Avonwick to-day, 30 miles. When the 'K' outfit rounded up last week, they found a few head of our stock that we'd lost, and cut them out for the Boss, and Jimmy has them in the corral. I'm going to take them down to-morrow; Homfray is meeting me at Fell's place down below."

"All right," I said; "then you go and fix your horse, and I'll make supper. You might put my horse in for me too, if you will; he's in the little corral by the rye rick." I handed him the oats. "So give yours some out of that lot. I can't find Jimmy's."

"I guess he hasn't got any," he said, finishing his tea; he lit the lantern and went out.

Left alone, the silence settled on me like a physical burden and a fear that had no reason; it was only with an effort I set about cooking, and my hands shook when I made up the heater fire. The door from the sitting-room shutting off the narrow staircase that led to the two rooms above, where the brother and sister slept, was ajar, and the chill draught from above crept down and

touched the back of my neck like a cold finger. I shut it softly, as if there were someone upstairs ill or sleeping —yet I knew the house was empty. I said aloud, "Of course it's empty," and felt oddly that I lied to myself.

It was better in the kitchen. I could see my matter-of-fact companion moving to and fro outside; his chaps were bossed with silver that gleamed dully in the lantern light.

Presently he came in and stood in the doorway and took off his spurs, and kicked off his chaps, laying them down across his saddle, and we sat down to supper. He said his name was Rayburn, and that he was working temporarily for Ross of Avonwick. He was a big, slight man, grey-haired and grey-eyed, with a strong jaw and a face heavily lined from nostril to lip; a clever, rather reckless face, but there was humour and tenderness in the clean-shaven lips.

We talked of the Reeds: he told me everyone knew they were "up against it," the place mortgaged, and God alone knew how they'd make out through the winter. "The war fixed old Jimmy," he said. "That wound of his! No man could work a place like this single-handed after that—it's no use anyway."

He repeated Johnny Silvester's words irritably.

"It's a rockpile," he said, "whatever he bought it for——! It's just fit for a cattle run, that's all, and then the poor damn' things would likely starve on it."

Overhead a door clicked softly, and from head to foot I felt that sudden chill. He stopped talking instantly to listen too.

"Upstairs?" he asked, half turning in his chair. "I guess the wind's getting up." He got up and opened the back door.

"I wonder," he said, as if to himself, "where in hell those two have got to?"

He lit a cigarette.

"I guess you and I will have to do for ourselves," he said, shutting the door and coming back to the stove.

"I'll shake down in the sitting-room; I've done it before," I said.

"All right, then; I'll sleep in the little room on the right, next to you."

Suddenly remembering the cows, he said: "There's only one round that I can see. I guess I'll go and milk her for Jimmy; if he comes in late, he'll be glad to find it done."

He went out with the buckets, and I, glad to get out of the house, put the separator together in the lean-to that served as a dairy.

He came back almost at once.

"That bally calf has got in along with the cow," he said, laughing, "and sucked her nearly dry. There's nothing here worth separating, so I'll go and water the horses and fix them for the night."

At 10 o'clock we gave up all hope of the Reeds returning. Rayburn said the light waggon was not in its usual place—the team gone, or, at least, they were not in the near pasture.

"It gets me," he said, "them going off and leaving the place unlocked like this, nothing fixed at all, and the calf round with the cow, and them depending on the milk for butter."

I went into my room, took off my boots, and lay down on the bed. Nothing was to be seen from my window but the mist, now luminous with the rising moon. I did not attempt to sleep.

I lay and listened, fascinated by some nameless expectation of horror into a state of complete immobility. The closed door between Rayburn and myself seemed a barrier between myself and everything normal; something—anything—might come and stand between it and me, cutting me off from everything alive, from Rayburn—from sanity even.

I lay so in the dark, my elbow on the pillow, my head on my hand, till I grew numb with cold, my limbs ached with weariness, and my eyes smarted under their heavy lids. When I did move, I did so noiselessly; one must make no sound, I felt; something, someone, would resent it.

Suddenly outside, my mongrel hound howled beneath the sitting-room window, and hardly had he started when I heard Rayburn's voice. "Damn you!" he shouted, his voice showing he, too, was sleepless—irritated also, I guessed, troubled, even afraid, as if the

dog howling confirmed some horrible suggestion of his own thoughts.

It was two o'clock. I lit a match to see. I dozed off then, for when I looked at my watch next it was three o'clock.

Rayburn was not six feet from me beyond the door. I heard him turning restlessly on the creaking couch; then something fell, and "O Great God!" he cried aloud.

Past all endurance of fear now, I sprang out of bed and flung the door back. He was standing by the heater then and had the lid open, the glow of the red embers giving a false colour to his white face.

He turned to me instantly, striking a match as he did so to light the lamp.

"I am so sorry," he said. "Did I scare you? I don't know what it was I dreamed; it was beastly, though."

He flung a great log into the fire—a certain roughness seemed to drop from him, and the man who was a cowboy gave way to the gentleman who once had held high rank in France.

He pulled forward a chair for me and sat down on the couch, found his cigarettes, and repeated, "I *am* so sorry I called out; since the war I've been a bad hand at sleeping."

We were a queer-looking couple. I in a silk shirt and black breeches, he in a pair of blue overalls and a grey shirt open at his breast; bootless, both of us, and haggard. We sat for a moment silent, and then the door upstairs clicked again.

"There's a window open up there," he said; "I'll go and shut it. Perhaps when you are warm and things are quiet, you'll sleep"—he stopped—"it's been——" he paused again.

"What?" I said.

"O, I don't know," he went on evasively, "it worries me not knowing where the Reeds have got to. Well, I'll shut that door."

"Don't go," I said, "no, don't go, please," and my teeth gritted together as I tried to stop the shivering.

He looked at me. "You are upset, aren't you?" he said gently. "I wonder why it is. Let's get the kettle and make some tea; a shot would do us both good, but

there's only tea. I won't go upstairs if you don't want me to."

I said, "No, no," again, with my fingers on his wrist.

We made the tea and sat there together, talking a little, listening often.

Day came at last, sulkily, fighting the grey mists. We ended our long vigil at six o'clock, when I went into my room to dress, and he into the kitchen to make the fire, and later I cooked breakfast while he milked. The door open into the growing light comforted me; the cocks and hens coming in and out, the ducks and placid cats, gave me confidence.

Rayburn came in with the milk and we separated it, fed all the stock, and washed up, leaving all in order, even to kindlings neatly piled beside the stove.

He picked up his chaps at last, and said, "We'll ride out together, and when we get to Blue Lake, I'll go to the Fells and inquire, if you'll go to the saw-mill and ask about them there. There's no fresh trails out of the gates," he said finally. "Where have they got to?"

Broad daylight, the certainty of Rayburn's companionship, and food, had given me almost an ordinary outlook on life by then.

I said, "Jess had a book of mine to read; I expect it's up in her room. I want it, so I'll go up and get it and shut that window; if the wind gets up, it'll blow to and smash."

I left him standing by the back door.

I opened the door that had been ajar last night and went upstairs almost to the top, a landing with two doors—one shut; the other, as I looked up, closed softly in the draught as if someone within had pushed it gently. I stopped where I was, breathless. I knew I could not open the door into Jess's room, knew I could not climb those last two steps. Here was the horror of last night. Sick and blinded with tears of fear, I turned back, stumbled into the sitting-room and sat down.

Rayburn heard me and came in instantly.

"What's wrong?" he asked sharply.

I said, "I don't know."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

I said again, "I don't know, I couldn't go in."

"The door locked?" he questioned again.

I said, "I don't know, but I believe they are there."

"What *do* you mean?" he said, and I said, "The Reeds."

Without a word he went upstairs. I heard him go. I counted the steps as he went, then he paused and opened a door.

"Jess!"

Then silence, a long silence.

He came down at last.

I said, speaking with absolute certainty, "They are there?"

And he said, "Yes; let's go."

We rode down the trail together; the mist had cleared, and the sun shone on lakes rippled by a brisk wind; the far mountain ranges were crested with fresh snow.

Rayburn told me as we went.

"There was an open letter on the dressing table. It was charity they feared—to come to that—they hadn't a cent, not one single cent, only bills and the mortgage on the place, with all the interest overdue. Old Jim had it all planned out. That's why the calf was let in with the cow, and the team were in the big pasture; he didn't mean them to suffer if no one came along for a couple of days—he had it all fixed up without telling old Jess, and then he went up and shot her, and then himself. God knows," he ended wearily, "it was the best way; there was nothing for them, no place to go."

At Fells he got the police and the doctor on the long-distance 'phone, and by midday the provincial police were out at the ranch.

Rayburn and Homfray were returning for the cattle, and I sat on my horse watching them saddle up, too weary to feel. Homfray dropped the slip bar, swung into his saddle, nodded curtly to me and rode out, and Rayburn led his horse up to me and paused:

He said, "You will never see me again. I am pulling out from Ross's next month and going East. Forget me and all our chance meeting has meant." He put his hand on my knee for an instant. "After all, you know ——they are damned lucky."

And we shook hands, and took the trails that led us straight out of each other's lives for ever.

The Deserted Kingdom

By Lord Dunsany

"The King is gone," the old man said,
  As he went utterly alone
  Along the ruined walls of stone,
With monkeys chattering overhead,
  "The King is gone. The King is gone."

I may not question why he chose
  To reign far hence in other lands;
  I only wait for his commands,
Contented if he ever knows
  I bow not to the monkey bands.

So I wait here and watch the gate,
  As I have done through all his reign,
  Lest one day he should come again,
Though all the halls are desolate
  And like enough I watch in vain.

I fear that if he come not soon
  The last hinge of the gate I guard
  Will rust across, and wolf and pard
Will prowl in underneath the moon
  And nothing will be left to ward.

Already broken are the domes,
  Already cracked the outer walls,
  And all the lovely palace falls;
Untended are the princely homes,
  Across whose sills the jungle crawls.

The monkeys look at me and mock;
  They know my King is overseas;
  They deem that he has fled from these!
Whereof they boast from every rock
  And chatter triumph from the trees.

And yet I guard the gateway well,
  And yet I wait for his commands
  And hope some traveller of far lands
May one day come to him and tell
  I bow not to the monkey bands."

St. Kilda—Beannachd Leibh

By V. A. Malcolmson

DEEPER than the deepest sea,
Restless as the breakers on Stack Lii,
Wilder far
Than Connachair
Our love for thee.

Where the gannet makes her nest
And endless oceans wander towards the West,
The arctic skua
On Boreray
Calls us to rest.

Where evening shadows never fall,
Nor tempests drown the fulmar-petrel's call,
The grey-lag flies
Through murky skies
To the Hunters' Isle.

Where summer glows in fadeless light
But winter's day is half the span of night,
And syrens roar
When Mullach Mhor
Is out of sight.

From Soay to Dune and Levenish
Where cormorant and seal pursue the fish
From rock to rock
The echoes mock
Our hopeless wish.

For Hirta's Isle is wrapped in spleen
MacKinnon, Gillies, MacDonald and MacQueen
Have gone away,
Far, far away
To Loch Aline.

NOTE.—The island of St. Kilda was evacuated on Thursday, August 28, 1930, and the inhabitants transferred to the Mainland, the majority to lands adjoining Loch Aline—to Larabeg, Ardness, Achabeg and Savery.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Our Friend, The Criminal.

"Do you want to murdher annybody, Heddle?" asked Sergeant Murphy.

"Me?" answered Heddle in bewilderment. "Not likely. Why should I?"

"Oh, I was just givin' you the tip, in case you felt like takin' an axe to anny of your wife's relations, that you'd better fix up some time in the next five years for the rash act."

"What do you mean?" asked the landlord.

"Well," said the Sergeant, "if what I read in the papers is thrue—though there's no reason why it should be—a Royal Commission, wan of the seven hundhred and sixty-seven appointed be this Government of men of action, has recommended that for five years there's to be no hangin' for murdher.

"Mind you, they don't promise that at the end of the five years the hangman will wance agen be waitin' for ordhers at the old addhress. All they say is, 'Thry our Five Years Plan. Don't cut a man off in his prime for wan lapse. The right sort of capital punishment is punishin' capital for bein' that way. Put the murdherer in jail and reform the lad.'"

"Is that what they'll do?" asked Heddle in alarm.

"I hope not, but I'm afraid it is. These five years is going to be a close season for murdherers, and if the results are satisfactory, meanin' that London doesn't challenge Chicago, the season will be extended *ad lib*. So, waitin' to take advantage of this bargain basement offer, I've been ordherin' some weed-killer. In case they change their minds after five years."

"What's the idea in all this sympathy for criminals?"

"It's this way. Modhern science has proved that no man is responsible for what he does. It's his glands or his ducts or his ox or his ass, but not him, that's the criminal. That fellah that thried to elope with a handful of money from your cash registher last week was as innocent as a baby. It was simply wan of his glands misfirin' or somethin' that dhragged his hand out of his pocket and into your till."

Heddle laughed.

"I suppose," said he, "it was one of my glands that put my fist in his face, unknown to me."

"It was an' all," said the Sergeant. "And that's why the modhern crook when nabbed isn't half as sorry for himself as we are for him."

"I'm not," said Heddle. "I'll give a chance to a man who's down and out, but if a fellow won't do honest work and lives by crime, I'd——"

"I know you would, but you're not wan of the tender-hearted gang that have more sympathy for the crook than for the chap he's robbed or clubbed unconscious.

"Says wan ould gazabo at a lecture last week, 'Ye can measure the height of a nation's civilization be its threatment of its criminals. The more severe the penalties for crime, the more barbarous the nation.'

"Now that's the sort of thing that makes a man glad he's taken to crime instead of the plumbin' thrade. He feels that whatever happens he has friends that'll see he's let down light. It gives him the moral courage to have another thry at the safe with his jemmy or another swipe at the watchman with a yard of gas pipin'. Sympathy means a lot in life."

"But," said Heddle, "suppose they don't hang murderers, what are they going to do with them?"

"I dunno," was the reply. "They'll probably start off in a bold way be givin' them penal servitude for life, which in practice will mean release after twenty years or so.

"But the humanitarians will move from sthrenth to sthrenth. They'll start an agitation to bring down the penalty to fifteen years. And wance the counthry has given way on the main principle, they'll see the term of imprisonment bein' more and more reduced until the time will come when twelve months on light diet and no midget golf will be regarded as a heavy penalty for hewin' a man into small pieces with a hatchet."

'Yes," said Heddle, "I see the idea. But suppose a convict murderer was released after a year and started out looking for another victim."

"You couldn't stop him," said the Sergeant. "The wan hope is that the first wan he comes across is a humanitarian."

A Playgoer in Pandemonium

By Horace Shipp

Wonder Bar. (Charlot's Revue at Savoy Theatre.)
Ever Green. (Cochran's Revue at Adelphi Theatre.)

WHEN I recover a little from the barrage of sound and spectacle of the modern super-revue, I am tempted to invent an imaginary conversation between, let us say, Plato and Queen Victoria on the experience: Plato considering the theme from the viewpoint of the Ideal True and Beautiful; Queen Victoria from that of the well-being, moral and social, of her people; and above them the jubilant soul of Mr. Arnold Bennett speaking for this world of to-day and applauding the whole Grand Babylonianism of it. I can honestly say that I never heard so much noise as Charlot supplied at the Savoy Theatre. As one enters the vestibule, the amplifiers blare the music from an orchestra which is apparently all brass, drums and saxophones. The idea is to create atmosphere, but it might easily be to bring down the walls of Jericho. Inside the theatre the curtain is up; the stage blazes with light; the scene (Sam Wonder's Cabaret) stretches from the stage out into the auditorium; actors come in from anywhere among the audience; tables are set among the stalls; the performers talk and laugh; the band plays; Joseph Greenwald as Sam Wonder shouts the next items; people dance; everybody dances; some involved story of crooks, gigolos, stolen emeralds, and desperate finance weaves its way in; and all the time the noise seems to increase.

At the interval we staggered into the Strand envying the deaf. The amplifier shrieked the fox-trot music of *Wonder Bar* after us.

I know that my fellow theatregoers adore this sort of thing, and American visitors feel the kindly homeliness of it. For my own part I confess I am made of frailer stuff. This assault on my senses was a nightmare. The fact that somewhere among it Carl Brisson was acting, smiling his famous smile, dancing amazingly and singing well; that Gwen Farrer and Norah Blaney and Dorothy Dickson were stars in an enormous galaxy; and that the dresses were as gorgeous as they were brief; these things were wasted on my shattered nerves.

Wonder Bar was stunning; we left it to the generation whose sigh is a saxophone and whose tongue is a trumpet. I dare not decry this spate of sound and splendour. That would be to associate myself with the Platonists or the Victorians, and thus to commit critical suicide. It seemed to me at one moment that the story (such as it was) of this crowd of habitués of Sam Wonder's Bar, the sharpers, gigolos, light ladies and light-fingered gentlemen, the rest as desperately gay as they were desperately harassed for money, was a kind of symbol of the jazz age which evokes this sort of entertainment. But this was obviously taking frivolity with a Victorian heaviness. Again it suggested itself that this glitter was brass rather than the true gold of beauty, which was Plato talking Hellenism; and we were not in the groves of the *Akademia,* but at the cocktail bar of the Grand Babylon Hotel. Saxophone and ukulele blared the joy of jazz against such moralizing, such philosophizing; amplifiers shouted us down; the *Zeitgeist* sped us back into the shades. It is tremendous, it is truly *wunderbar,* but it is not art.

Mr. Cochran's show opened on the same crescendo. He, too, had recruited the aid of loud speakers, which, placed behind the audience, shouted back at the stage. Happily, however, one was not called upon again to dwell in pandemonium, for the revue settled down into the resplendent artistry usual to a Cochran show and did not (save at moments) threaten our ear-drums. It had spectacle, but not mere glitter; jazz, but not such sound and fury; pyrotechnics, but not the explosive cannonading of the other production. I believe that the secret is that these Cochran spectacles are always in the hands of artists, who give the public not only good measure well pressed down, but that almost indefinable quality of beauty. There is something akin to preciosity in spite of the abundance; there are ropes of pearls, but they *are* pearls.

Ever Green is certainly one of the very best Cochran shows; which is to say that in the realm of theatre spectacle it is supreme. The decor, in the hands chiefly of Ernst Stern, is amazing. He has made wonderful use of the revolving stage, and we are presented with

something approaching twenty scenes in almost as many moods. The Fair Ground at Neuilly proved the most effective of these and evoked enthusiastic applause —a triumph indeed, for a theatre audience is not easily moved to excitement by mere stage setting. Alongside this should be mentioned the scene of the Cabaret de l'Abbaye, the divided stage which revealed the interiors of four rooms at a seaside boarding house, and a lovely scene of Catalonia (this last by Gustave Bacarisis). It is not without significance that one speaks first of the staging of Cochran's revues, for he knows the need of appealing to the eye, and the sets and costumes are amazingly lavish. Let it be hastily said that this word does not indicate excess of quantity in individual costumes, but that both the principals and the chorus seem to be continually dashing off the stage and returning in more and more costumes of less and less substance. It is all very gay and amusing, and happily governed by a real flair for theatre spectacle.

On this occasion the story is a good one and gives a structure to what might easily have been scattered items of a revue programme. In it Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale do Trojan work; Jean Cadell carries her boarding-house cheerfulness through the day and night life of strange places with genius; Albert Burdon, whom I do not remember having seen before, reveals himself as a comedian in the Leno-Chaplin tradition; and a score of other players, with an army of chorus people, support them. If we complain at all, it is that such plenitude crowds out individual brilliance: we cannot see the trees for the wood.

If Mr. Cochran thus proves overwhelming, however, it is somehow different from the extravagance of the other revue. It consoled me, I confess, to discover that I was not so out of key with my times that every popular entertainment struck a jarring note. I dare not imagine what the noble shades I have evoked would have to say to it all; but under the compelling enchantment of Mr. Cochran and his troupe of artists, one feels that Plato *was* a trifle "highbrow," and that Queen Victoria may have been difficult to amuse.

Books

ENGLISH CLASSICS

PEPYS. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Heinemann. 21s.

WHEN Macaulay dreamt that his niece came to him and confessed that Pepys's diary was a fake she had forged, he was in the greatest distress at losing a supreme authority. The Diary is a wonderful record of contemporary life, and the evident questions it raises concerning its author have been amply discussed by this time. It is no disparagement to Mr. Drinkwater's ability to say that this skilful biography owes a good deal to the research of scholars, in particular to Dr. Tanner, who has studied Pepys's official work so thoroughly. That admirable side of him has, in general, been insufficiently recognized, and the author brings it out with excellent effect. Pepys showed courage, devotion and initiative in his navy administration. Never was a zealous worker more useful, for the treatment of our seamen is one of the great scandals of English history. It was Pepys who defended his department before the House of Commons for over three hours, winning universal applause, and who did not flinch before the Plague and the Great Fire.

The Diary ended in 1669, and it is suggested that it may have been continued by dictation to Hewer, Pepys's friend and admirer. Such MSS. would, indeed, be a find, and Pepys could have spoken freely to an intimate who had his confidence. It is a wonder that this constant writing remained concealed from Mrs. Pepys, whose rather subtle relations with her husband Mr. Drinkwater diagnoses with care. On the whole, it seems likely that Pepys contemplated the discovery and publication which took place in 1825. Then, scarce a half was printed. The world of to-day has certainly moved far in the direction of sexual revelation. Pepys's steady but somewhat solemn friend Evelyn would have been shocked by some of the confessions of the man whom he described as "a very worthy, industrious and curious person," and who could carry on three intrigues at once and suspect his wife, without reason, of similar trangressions. Revelations made Mrs. Pepys a sorry shrew, but it is difficult to blame her.

However uncontrolled in his love affairs, Pepys was always methodical in business and kept a sound head for the navy. He had Boswell's gusto for life but he was not unduly elated, as Boswell would have been, at the notice of Charles II. He reflected on the answers he might have to give to that astute monarch. His relations with the Sandwich family are eminently to his credit, but he was capable of meanness, deception and cunning unworthy of a great man, and these, as Mr. Drinkwater

says, are serious faults. The survey is complete and judicious. Pepys as a virtuoso and scholar need not detain us to-day, though it might have been added that time has made his collection of black-letter broadside ballads important. These figured prominently in a learned book of 1922. V.R.

EIGHT VICTORIAN POETS. By F. L. LUCAS. Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d.

MR. LUCAS'S Introduction, apart from the hopelessness which sees the future life as a dead dream of the past and declares that Science has largely served to re-arm the barbarians, is attractive enough to lure the reader on to the rest of the book. He insists that poetry should be read, not books about poetry, and his brief essays explain the particular distinction of writers whose work was once familiar and still possesses abundant charm for those who can find it. Mr. Lucas is a guide both admirable in style and judicious in substance and we wish these B.B.C. talks a wider circulation. A saner sense of taste is the one thing needed in this world of whirl and crude ugliness.

LIFE OF MILTON, TOGETHER WITH OBSERVATIONS ON PARADISE LOST. By LOUIS RACINE. Translated with an Introduction by KATHERINE JOHN. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

THE Introduction, telling us of Racine's son, the author of the Life and Observations, and the gradual advance of the understanding of Milton in France up to Chateaubriand, is the most interesting part of this book. It is done with humour and discrimination, the ways of the wicked Voltaire being thoroughly appreciated. Louis Racine has his moments of good sense in the biography, but he thinks "Comus" one of the least considerable of Milton's compositions and describes "Lycidas" as "a poem in Latin verse." Time has made the Observations curious, but the writer admits, regarding metre, that "Ears wholly French cannot be judges of a harmony so unlike that to which they are accustomed" and that it is impossible to judge beauties and faults of styles in another tongue. At the time he had not much English criticism to go by, and if he believed that rough English barbarians were incapable of delicacy of expression, he was able to quote Addison's verdict:

> A poem so divine, written in English, resembles a magnificent palace of brick; the design may not be inferior to a palace of marble, but the material is ruder.

To-day this seems astonishing, but it is worthy of the age of Boileau and timid classicism. Boileau did much for French prose but his influence in poetry was deplorable for many years.

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HISTORY AND POLITICS

A Modern History of the English People: 1880–1922. By R. H. Gretton. Secker. 12s. 6d.

This fascinating book is a reprint in one "omnibus" volume of three volumes, the first two of which have for some time been out of print. This we take as a tribute to Mr. Gretton's popularity, which is fully deserved. His preface easily defends his method, which is to tell us the little details of public opinion and public interest and advances in science and sociology that historians commonly omit. Trivial or futile as some passing fad of the day may appear, it has its influence on the whole English world, and when popular opinion is really agitated, political leaders have to bow to it. Even when sport is mentioned, such as Persimmon's victory in the Derby, the importance of such a detail is typically English. We find a reference in 1887 to an incident we have often wished to verify, the destruction of Lillie Bridge sporting ground when two runners delayed their match, being "influenced by the betting." The crowd wrecked the stands and railings and burnt the fragments. On the next page is a note about the advance of the cigarette, which has been so useful to the national revenue. In 1889, one page tells us of the turbine in steam

propulsion and the discovery of the transmission of malaria by mosquitoes.

Readers will turn with particular interest to the account of the war and post-war years, in which Mr. Gretton has managed a full and highly complicated story with particular skill. The coming of the war, it may be noted, justified those, hitherto regarded as deluded cranks, who had insisted on the menace of Germany. The public decision for war was not, however, unanimous in 1914. One prominent man at least wrote to a Liberal newspaper arguing against intervention.

On the whole, Mr. Gretton has let off easily the blundering authorities who were capable of such a stupid notice on the Underground as "Enlist, if you have no home ties." The Censorship and the official views of the probable panic about London air-raids were not creditable to our rulers. Home-coming soldiers explained pretty clearly the appalling conditions under which the Somme advance of 1916 was made. "The public had the maddening sense of swinging between blank secrecy and most dismaying exposures." The amazing output of war stuff in the later stages is shown by the record of 4,000 planes a month and the firing in one single day of 950,000 shells. Mr. Lloyd George's fatal propensity for popular claptrap is exposed, but much worse things than those reported here might be said about his Coalition. The selfish attitude of Labour during the war is evident. On the feeling of the people in general Mr. Gretton writes admirably, though we should have emphasized the half-humorous disgust at notable instances of gross and foolish extravagance, and he explains the disappointments of the "demobbed," whose whole case the Government muddled. The book should be read as a supplement to Captain Liddell Hart's history, "The Real War."

The index is generally good, but the references to the cinema have gone wrong. War cinemas are mentioned on p. 1032; post-war on pp. 1109 and 1129. We add that the first attempt of politicians to advertise themselves on the screen as saving the country receded after the ribald comments of the Press. Some of their little ways needed "a very lavish cloaking of patriotism" which did not deceive the long-suffering British public.

DICTATORSHIP ON ITS TRIAL. Twenty-two Essays. Edited by OTTO FORST DE BATTAGLIA. With an Introduction by the Right. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. Harrap. 18s.

THE Editor has secured a really eminent team, representative of modern Europe, to discuss Dictatorship, and the differences in their conclusions are notable. Mr. Churchill leads off by pointing out that constitutions on the British model became,

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in the nineteenth century, the aim or the dream of every living race:

> To live under an elective Parliamentary system was to be civilized and fortunate; to live under any other system was to be barbarous and miserable.

But plenty of people have doubts now of "Parliamentary institutions confided to the haphazard, uninstructed, and wire-pulled guidance of universal suffrage," even if they can endorse Mr. Churchill's idea of our present Parliament as competent in some ways.

One writer objects to dictatorship as "too facile a solution." But the dictator arrives only when the current constitution is generally regarded as hopeless and some strong man is needed to prevent further harm to the commonwealth. The famous Latin phrase, which has lost its negative on page 390, is associated by Livy with *ultima necessitas*. Cæsar and Napoleon alone were strong enough to take the reins, and in such cases it is reasonable to allow the only man who can save the State to do it on his own lines. The dictator arises out of an "incapacity to cope with a state of disintegration," as a German economist remarks, but when he regards the control and manipulation of economic

power as essentially modern, we think of Professor Ure's exposition of the success of the old Greek "tyrants" as due to such expedients. Professor Einstein's two short sentences contribute little to the discussion. No man is free under any form of government, and no modern dictator is likely to silence any means of improving science, which is all-important in war.

The writer of "Dictatorship and the German Mind" supplies a very interesting summary of the latter and declares that "A permanent dictatorship, as this world goes, is an impossibility." The Roman idea was to appoint a man for a particular period. Cæsar was dictator for two years and ten years, and was only appointed for life a year before his death.

A French Senator points out that the Bolsheviks owe a good deal to profound study of the French Revolution, and know well that "the Montagnards, though they did not confess it, upheld the doctrine of the 'one responsible man.'" André Maurois suggests that the dictator must be "capable of manipulating armed bodies." As a rule, he has been a general, but so far as we can see, he might equally well be a successful admiral as Pericles was. Evidently he must be the kind of man who inspires others to follow him.

The Editor, in a final article, makes a useful attempt to define the vague word "dictator" and concludes that government of the sort "cannot be contemplated even hypothetically" in countries like England "with centuries of Parliamentary tradition behind them." But, at least, our present discontents are finding voice in growing objections to a Parliament which cannot control extravagance we cannot afford and allows us to be worried with obsolete laws.

FICTION

MOSAIC. By G. B. STERN. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

THIS novel brings the author's Jewish saga of the Rakonitz and Czelovar families up to the present year. As the many who saw *The Matriarch* will realize, the details of the families involved are complicated and now cover a host of marriages and children. But it is worth while to realize the types and varieties in a singularly vivid panorama rich in humour and acute observation. The Matriarch was great, but so is Berthe with something of the same gifts. The story centres round her and her sister Letti, who lived together in Paris, after Berthe's husband, Konrad Czelovar, died. Berthe, even as a young girl, was a figure to attract *les messieurs*, immensely vital and wearing clothes with conscious distinction. Unfortunately she was childless and insisted on managing people, acquiring the sons

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she could not produce, interfering with lives which, she felt, must gain by her gifts for creating influence and excitement. She was never timid and never tired, always confident. Even at the end, after more than one rebuff, she does not see herself as she is, a monster of possessive selfishness. She is a masterly creation and the author can also present with excellent discernment the modern young woman of to-day, who, we are glad to notice, remarks:

> I'm sick of syncopation and slick American comedies. Let's go back to the old style. Suits our family better.

But she, too, in spite of her ironic detachment, is capable of the sudden craziness of the Rakonitz women, who throw up their life-work for a whim, squandering the money they have carefully accumulated.

DUMB ANIMAL AND OTHER STORIES. By OSBERT SITWELL. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

THIS is not the usual book of short stories. In the details of brevity and leading incident usually associated with that form of writing Mr. Sitwell is a chartered libertine, but his gifts for satire, description (sometimes overdone) and acute observation justify him. He begins with conversations on animals in a train. The story of the lady who carried and deliberately handed on a microbe is elaborately told in over 60 pages and touched with that haunting beauty which is never far from the author's work. "Alive—Alive oh!" exposes, also at length, the humbug and sentimentality which serve to raise a literary reputation largely engineered by critics whose tongues must be frequently in their cheeks. The satire is keen and fair enough, but we think it a mistake in art as well as bad manners to introduce the names of the living. The general reader, even in London, is not interested in the warfare of literary coteries

and the judicious critic will not regard these personal acidities as worth the permanence of book-print.

The final item, ironically called "Happy Endings," occupies over 100 pages and is a singularly vivid account of a second-rate army coaching establishment and its strange inhabitants. Here criticism and narrative are admirably combined and the story ends with an angry sea,

> Its colour darker than the sky itself, except where in the foreground it threw up its countless white arms, the menacing or mourning arms of a Greek Chorus that will remain to witness every tragedy until it is finished.

BUT NOT FOR LOVE. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

USUALLY Mrs. Seymour's books demand attention not only for a well-told story, but because they advance a thesis; and the thesis, even if disputable, is one well worth arguing, for no contemporary writer is better able than she to open a discussion upon the economic-emotional relationship of men and women. In this respect her new book disappointed me. Would she have us believe that men have no single-mindedness in love, whilst women have? If so, her story of Vickey Jardine would convince us that this were a point in favour of men; for Vickey throughout the first part of the book dreams romantically of faithful love whilst she pursues a successful literary career, and in the second falls so violently in love with a thoroughly unpleasant farmer that she vamps him, marries him out of hand, and, when she discovers that he retains a mistress, drives him over an inland cliff in her car. The moral seems to be that men do die for love, but not of their own volition.

In the face of Mrs. Seymour's usual attitude to the question I can only assume that the whole book is a warning against the passion which makes fools of even the wisest. Save Vickey's father, who treats love as a pleasant diversion, everybody in the book certainly lives for it; and because of this pre-occupation seems miserable enough. I find it difficult to believe that she would make that her plea, and so the thesis eludes me.

Mrs. Seymour's fine powers as a novelist demand better subject-matter than she has here invented. H. S.

PROBLEMS OF LIFE

AFTER TWO THOUSAND YEARS: A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PLATO AND A MODERN YOUNG MAN. By G. LOWES DICKINSON. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

MR. DICKINSON claims attention as an idealist and an admirable writer, and this dialogue is full of thought-provoking

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comments on our present worried civilization. To run it on for 200 pages without a break was, we think, a mistake. We should prefer four or five talks with pauses, so that the mind could rest before considering another of the many subjects Mr. Dickinson has tackled. Property, Socialism, Birth-control, War, and Education are all treated, as well as those "goods" in the philosopher's sense the pursuit of which is the main purpose of those who seek to live a good life.

The young man is called Philalethes, a "lover of truth," and Plato keeps his temper most creditably when confronted with the strange revelations of modernity. On Love, in particular, he has to face a great change of view, though Philalethes frankly confesses his preference for homo-sexual practices, a position that we cannot regard as representative of modern England. He believes in democracy as the only hope for successful government, and puts aside the aristocracy which Plato suggests as only "a name by which oligarchies have chosen to call themselves." Plato does not retort, as he might, "Is not your present democracy an oligarchy too, and, even if it represents, more or less, the will of the majority, is the majority always right"? Philalethes explains that "the citizens will only work for pay,"

but does not add that the Welsh seer who heralded their advance promised them " ninepence for fourpence." Here and elsewhere, Plato, if less genial, might raise more queries about a vision which is admitted to be indistinct and dare not prophesy the ultimate result. " Your guesses at Good and Evil," Plato says at the end, " are but wavering symbols." Philalethes has, indeed, little to rest on, since he declares that men's " guesses and hopes and fears about God and another world have seldom helped them to behave better, and commonly caused them to behave worse." He is, then, exceptionally fortunate in meeting Plato in the Elysian Fields and liberating his soul before so great and kindly a philosopher.

THE CONQUEST OF HAPPINESS. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

As a distinguished philosopher, Mr. Russell seemed to despair of life as a lost game and in adolescence, he tells us, he was continually on the verge of suicide and restrained by the desire to know more mathematics. Now he enjoys life and we find him offering to the ordinary public good, sound hints and warnings and diagnosing carefully where the usual popular guides are vague and sentimental. The dictum of Stevenson's pet professor, " We are not sent here to be happy but to be good," has not much appeal to a writer who tells us that " sins are committed by everyone or no one, according to our definition of the word " and who sees in sin " something abject, something lacking self-respect." But without the support of religion one can perceive in the words of Cyril Tourneur that

> Joy's a subtil elf;
> I think man's happiest when he forgets himself.

Mr. Russell shows where absorption in self leads the narcissist and the megalomaniac.

Of those who have thrown over the old standards without acquiring new ones he remarks that their unconscious mind usually still believes in the old, which produces despair and cynicism. One must have at least a rational ethic to live by, whatever old views are rejected as obsolete. The modern outlook is iconoclastic indeed. It is said to have put the tragedy of great persons out of date, because it does not suit a democratic age. Is that true of *King Lear*, when it is performed to-day, or of *Hamlet*, still one of the most popular plays in the whole of our drama ? Mr. Russell quotes Shakespeare as saying and more or less believing that

> When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
> The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

But Shakespeare could also write, "The beggar's book outworths the noble's blood." Triviality and sensation are potent enough to-day, but Mr. Russell exaggerates when he declares that

> the knowledge of good literature, which was universal among educated people fifty or a hundred years ago, is now confined to a few professors.

He follows this up by exposing American ignorance of wild flowers, since such lore does not pay.

On envy and fatigue (a source of human discomfort neglected till recent years) he has much that is pertinent to say. He sees that a man had better collect postage-stamps or egg-shells than grievances. Apart from hobbies which are a source of happiness something might have been said of the enjoyment got out of small things which the superior wave beyond their horizon. Interests should be as wide as possible and reactions to things and persons friendly rather than hostile. Some people of the sensitive sort have been shocked in youth by the discovery of the injustice they perceive in their small circle and still suffer in mature age from the current code of the world. They are not, however, likely to be imposed on by "fear of what newspapers may say." This form of social persecution may become terrifying and ought, Mr. Russell suggests, to be restricted by more stringent laws than those at present available. These points are instances of the sensible criticism which this book includes. It should help many, and it embodies a good deal of advice which could be gained from the sages of the past, though they had not the advantage of modern research and terminology.

MEMOIRS AND CRITICISM

A Victorian Dean: A Memoir of Arthur Stanley. Edited by the Dean of Windsor and Hector Bolitho. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

This addition to Lord Ernle's "Life of Stanley," includes new letters and is welcome. The Dean was a charming man and it is interesting to see that he and his wife have won Mr. Bolitho over to a favourable view of the Victorians. We cannot admit that Stanley's life of Arnold is likely to rank with the masterpieces of Boswell and Lockhart, for it lacks humour and is aggressively pious. Arnold actually regarded the spirit of chivalry as anti-Christ. The results of his teaching at Rugby produced forced plants of the religious sort, if we may use the phrase, which in the world lost their particular colour. Clough and Matthew Arnold were full of dreary doubt and Stanley's free-thinking admitted so many kinds of belief that the Oxford where he distinguished himself did not approve of him. He even got Max Müller, an agnostic, to lecture in the Abbey, while he asked

Pusey to do so in vain. He described himself as "an Erastian of the Erastians."

But his open mind and charming gifts of sympathy were invaluable in reducing the *odium theologicum*. He spoke out against injustice, wherever he recognized it. Untidy, a muddler of business, and the possessor of one of the worst handwritings we have ever seen, he was widely loved. As a writer, he touched history with a vivid pen which made it live again. He was always travelling and making the best alike of his impressions and his companions. Curiously interesting is the account in detail of the tour to Egypt and the Holy Land in which he helped to look after the young man who was to be King Edward.

The two were notably different in their tastes, but the Dean came to the conclusion that "there is more in him than I thought," and that "he has uniformly endeavoured, even at some loss to himself, to be as kind and considerate as he could be."

The Dean's marriage was an ideal union, to accomplish which the Queen had to be won over to the prospect of seeing less of her favourite associate. Her remark about the pair is characteristic: "He is a very unselfish man. I should stipulate that she shall be a great deal with me."

VERNEY LETTERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Edited by MARGARET MARIA, LADY VERNEY, LL.D. With portraits and pedigrees. 2 vols. Benn. 42s.

AT first this family history strikes us as a little dull, but, as we read on, we realise that it is a valuable picture of typical English gentry, who are not literary or particularly humorous but marry with care, keep up their estates, look after their poorer neighbours and play their part for the country. There is also a good deal of that picturesque detail and homely gossip which historians cannot command.

John Verney, who dominates the first volume, was a second son who did not expect to be the heir. He had been in trade in the East for some years before he came home, and it took him several attempts to get into Parliament. He lacked that easy geniality which suits the hustings, but, like the males of the family in general, he was a happy husband, securing devotion from the third wife we hear most of. He was raised to be an Irish Viscount.

His son seems kindly but not a notable man, though he became Earl Verney. He had a young heir, much treasured, who actually had his portrait painted for the school at Fulham he adorned and went to Cambridge as a "nobleman." But this heir died early, and the second, more industrious, son who succeeded to the estates had lived a laborious and careful life

at Claydon, while his father was in town. He mentions a cricket match in 1741, attended by near 6,000, as bad for the people. When he became the second Earl, he burst out into fine building and other extravagances, consorting with Sir Thomas Robinson as a joint owner of Ranelagh Gardens. This pretentious architect might have been identified as the builder of the Rokeby Scott saw and Chesterfield's tactless emissary to Johnson, when a reconciliation was desired. The Earl survived his pecuniary disasters but had no children, so that his elder brother's daughter ended the direct line.

The volumes are full of oddities. The ladies spell very badly and seem never to read books. The most enterprising man is a Lovett who married a Verney in 1703, the year when the Eddystone Lighthouse was blown over, and made it his business to erect a new one. A hunting squire writes the most amusing letters; parsons are subservient and busy with hopes of promotion; and a lover tries in vain to win a pretty girl with absurd protestations. "Charming Molly, sweet and fair" must have been better-looking than many of the ladies mentioned, if their portraits are correct presentations. Among the great we have a glimpse of the famous Sir Robert Walpole in retirement, praising his trees as beauties that do not deceive, and of Burke as a borrower. The second Earl put him into Parliamentary life at Wendover and lent him money in his usual generous way.

The editing is well done and the narrative connecting the letters puts us in a position to understand the period. Agmondisham might have been explained as the earlier name of Amersham and the author of the well-known Jacobite toast about the Pretender was Byrom, not Byron.

THE EIGHTEEN-EIGHTIES. Essays by Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature. Edited by WALTER DE LA MARE. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

THIS sequel to "The Eighteen-Seventies" has the same attractions of good criticism and good writing. As that volume included a personal view of Lord Houghton, this has an effective view of "The Poetry of Owen Meredith" in which the writer is less than the man who sacrificed to duty the exercise of gifts which would have pleased him better. The present Lord Lytton tells us that he received just the sort of admonitory letter which his grandfather wrote to his father. Mrs. Woods writes on "The Poetry of the 'Eighties" with the personal knowledge of the contemporary, an advantage some of the other contributors clearly cannot claim. She might have mentioned Matthew Arnold's work in rhymeless verse, for here he is a pioneer sometimes forgotten. Father Martindale is subtle and clever on "Newman and Manning," explaining the reasons

which led to the distrust of both. The best article is Mr. Forrest Reid's on "Minor Fiction in the Eighties." It is the result of very wide knowledge and happy in its appreciations, though the remark about Andrew Lang, that "his taste in fiction remained to the end the taste of a schoolboy who is good at games" is in strange contrast to the eulogy by Mr. Saintsbury in the earlier volume. When Lang wrote,

> They smile and we are told, I wis,
> Ten subtle reasons why they smile,

he was chaffing fairly enough that excessive dose of psychology in fiction which has become a nuisance to-day. Did not Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" and other novels deserve a note? Mr. Chesterton, after indulging in some of his usual strained antitheses, has some good things to say about "Gilbert and Sullivan," one of them being that satire to be effective should be expressed "under certain formal and even fictitious conditions." It is interesting to notice that here and elsewhere in the book moral and religious views enter into consideration, though all that is supposed to be on the wane.

The Editor is graceful in his appreciation of Lewis Carroll, but wrong in supposing that "his views on reviewers were inclined to be abstemious," if "his" includes the writer on logic. That writer sent an angry ten-page letter of remonstrance about a review. The unique quality of the Alice books is due to an inverted sense of logic. This is, we think, realised here but not said straight out. A mere mathematician is seldom witty. C. L. Dodgson separated himself deliberately from "Lewis Carroll," and when a well-known Oxford clergyman wrote to him under the former name to ask for some of the "Alices" which he gave to the poor as not up to his standard of printing, he got a printed circular disclaiming "any connection with any pseudonym."

THE WORLD OF DICKENS

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By Charles Dickens. With 16 illustrations in colour by C. E. BROCK. Harrap. 15s.

WE are glad to see this new edition of "Pickwick" with Mr. Brock's bright and effective illustrations. Mr. Pickwick with Mrs. Bardell in his arms and Mr. Winkle extruded into the cold of the Crescent at Bath are good examples of the artist's skill in detail. Mr. Pickwick's figure and face were fixed by Seymour, and no one has departed far from his conception, but in the other characters there is a chance to improve on "Phiz" which has been taken. He made figures either notoriously fat or notoriously thin. His Sam Weller looks at least forty,

and the same may be said of Alfred Crowquills, which appeared in a pirated American edition. Here Winkle and Snodgrass look more like real persons of some character.

The List of Characters is useful, but by no means complete. As Dickens's Preface is printed, why is his Dedication to Talfourd not included also? It was a tribute to a friend both from the public and the private point of view, and reprints should give it.

THE DICKENS ADVERTISER. Edited by BERNARD DARWIN. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

IT was a happy idea to collect the more striking advertisements from the original parts of Dickens's novels and Mr. Darwin, using a judicious levity, proves both an amusing and instructive commentator. Advertising is, of course, no new thing. Johnson in the *Idler* remarked that "Promise, large promise, is the soul of an advertisement," and the practical ideas of Mr. Bob Sawyer about publicity were taken by Dickens from Smollett, who described them as out-of-date. The advertisement of "Pickwick" in the *Athenæum* of March 26, 1836, promised several incidents that never appeared in the book. Of the illegitimate illustrators mentioned by Mr. Darwin "Sam Weller" was Onwhyn, who appeared in the pirated American "Pickwick" as well as the artist mentioned above.

The main point about these early advertisers is their lack of "display" in the modern sense. They used abominably small print and were supinely content with the English language, inventing no verbal extravagancies to annoy and attract the reader. They wrote for an age which read much more steadily than the present and did not need to be shrieked at. Moses, the tailor of Aldgate, distinguished himself by bursting into verse, such as

> If you, in point of dress, are one
> That's called a virtuoso,
> Right pleased you'll be with M. & Son,
> Whose dress is never "So-So."

There is no evidence that the Pickwickians ever took a bath, and soap, like tobacco, plays little part in this early publicity. "Ozokerit," which floors Mr. Darwin, was, we think, candles, The "Siphonia," a waterproof coat, appears in Surtees. In the storm during the races ("Plain or Ringlets," chap. 17) the crowd were half drenched before they could "get their Siphonias out of their cases." The tributes paid to Morison's Pills are extraordinary, and we note that the self-styled "Hygeist" came into literature through his son, Cotter Morison, who did "Gibbon" and "Macaulay" for the "English Men of Letters."

GENERAL

WINTER SPORTS. By VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH, CAPT. S. DUFF-TAYLOR and others. Edited by the HON. NEVILLE LYTTON. With illustrations. Seeley Service. 25s.

THIS volume of the "Lonsdale Library" is apt for the season, and, like its predecessors, the well-illustrated work of experts. An Englishman at present holds four championships in this form of sport, though it is not of native origin. Ski-ing requires a surface of snow that cannot be assured over here at any period in the year. The same is true of natural ice fit for skating, the English school of which is now less popular than the International. There are, in fact, several different styles in these sports, e.g. for jumping or making a turn on skis—and all are described clearly with good pictures.

THE DOCTOR. By ROBERT SOUTHEY. Edited by MAURICE H. FITZGERALD. Bell. 7s. 6d.

PROBABLY Mr. Fitzgerald is right in reducing "The Doctor" for an age which has little time for leisurely reading. He has made his selection well, adding useful notes at the end and an expert Preface. But the scraps of Sophocles and Pindar given in the Greek might have been translated. Southey's rambling olio of genial sense and nonsense, kindly philosophy and erudition has distinct attractions for the educated. It is the natural overflow of the man whom Byron described as "the only existing entire man of letters." Why is the early lost Herbert described as an "only son"? The letter about the family cats at the end is delightful. Southey's masterly letter to Byron, when he expected a challenge to a duel, would have been a piquant addition.

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK, 1931. Whitaker & Sons. 6s.

THE Almanack is an old-fashioned affair, as its title shows, but it remains indispensable to any office which has to verify or discover details and statistics abroad or at home. The number of facts and lists available is amazing. The "Events of the Year," with dates, is an excellent feature, and attention is paid to science and sport as well as official institutions. This "Complete Edition" includes over 200 pages about India, the Dominions and the United States. It is notable that in the list of "Foreign-born Population of the U.S.," England is, in numbers, well below Germany, Ireland, Italy, Poland and Russia. "The Year's Music" complains of the criticism of opera as written in a "hopelessly dull manner" and spoilt by the insertion of "servants'-hall news" of the distinguished and undistinguished audience.